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[ONE PENNY.]

THE TELEGRAPH BILL.

THE promoters of the Electric Telegraph Bill have the satisfaction of knowing that their measure goes back from the Select Committee to the House intact in every respect, all the statements of its projectors having been confirmed, and all the difficulties suggested by its opponents having been overcome. But the covert opposition which the measure has met with throughout still continues, though in a different form. When the Bill was first introduced it was urged that the Government sought to acquire the property of the companies in

a way which was stigmatised as almost nefarious, and they were soundly rated for the stingy terms which they offered for the property which they desired to purchase. Now, on the contrary, the outcry of the Bill's opponents is that the Government have offered most extravagant terms to the Telegraph Companies. It has been insinuated that the Government has been put under pressure to give exorbitant terms, fearing lest the Bill should not pass this year. We must admit that the evidence of this statement is not very cogent. By accepting the original proposition of the Telegraph Com-

panies the Government might have removed all interested opposition to the second reading of the Bill; it was chiefly by their determination to keep down the price that the second reading of the Bill has been deferred to so late a period of the session. The promoters have now offered to the companies twenty years' purchase of the present net profits, instead of twenty-five years' profits—a proceeding which, supposing the present profits do not increase, means merely that Government lays out three and a half per cent.—at which rate it can borrow—to acquire five per cent.



BOUNNER

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WIMBLEDON SHOOTING AT THE RUNNING DEER.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords on Monday the Lord Chancellor announced that, having forwarded to Sir R. Napier, now Lord Napier of Magdala, the thanks of their lordships for the distinguished services rendered by himself and the officers and men of the navy and army engaged in the Abyssinian campaign, he had now received a reply from the noble lord acknowledging the vote, and expressing his high appreciation of the honour conferred upon himself and the forces under his command. The Public Schools Bill, from the Commons, was read a second time on the motion of the Earl of Derby, after some conversation, in which Lords Clarendon, Stratford de Redcliffe, Chichester, and Malmesbury took part. Progress was then made with a large number of bills, and their lordships rose at half-past seven o'clock.

The House of Lords during its sitting of an hour and a half on Tuesday, forwarded several bills a stage, including Sir Robert Napier's Annuity Bill, the Municipal Elections (Scotland) Bill, and the Public Departments' Payments Bill, which were passed through committee, and the Burials (Ireland) Bill, which was read a third time and passed. The Bank Holidays and Bills of Exchange Bill was withdrawn by the Marquis of Salisbury.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House of Commons held an extraordinary sitting on Saturday. The principal object of the meeting was to make progress with the Election Petitions Bill, but Mr. O'Beirne and Lord Elcho took advantage of the second reading of the Appropriation Bill (which stood as the first order) to call attention to the recent experiments upon the Plymouth shield at Shoeburyness. The House heard them with a good deal of impatience.

In the House of Commons, on Monday Mr. Baines, having put a question respecting the imprisonment of Julian de Vargas, a Spanish schoolmaster at Malaga, for having in his house a Spanish Bible and Testament, and a few French Protestant books, not of a controversial character, Lord Stanley explained that there was some discrepancy between the various statements which had reached him on the subject. He gathered, however, that the charge against De Vargas was not the having possession of Protestant books, but that he, being a schoolmaster, had taught Protestant doctrines to his pupils. Whether that allegation was true to not he (Lord Stanley) had no knowledge, but he understood that the fact of the accused being in possession of Protestant books was only brought forward in support of that charge. The prosecution had been instituted by the local authorities on their own motion, and not by the Spanish Government. As the man was a Spanish subject, and liable to Spanish law, the English Government, whatever they might think of the character of such proceedings, had absolutely no right to interfere; any communication which they made to the Spanish Government, therefore, must be of an entirely friendly nature, and even in that case they must carefully guard against the appearance of wishing to dictate to the Spanish Government how they should conduct their internal affairs. The first order on the paper was the committal of the Irish Registration Bill, in reference to which a preliminary discussion was raised by Mr. Esmond, and continued with some animation by Irish members, on the insertion of clauses creating new polling places. On getting into committee, and reaching Clause 34, the first of the series relating to polling places, the discussion was renewed with fresh vigour and energy by excited Irish members. At length Colonel Greville-Nugent moved that the Chairman should report progress, but the motion was not pressed; a division was taken on the question that the clause stand part of the bill, which resulted in the rejection of the clause by a majority of 10, the numbers being 84 to 74.—The Earl of Mayo observed that the vote just come to was conclusive of the opinion of the House that it was not desirable to make any provision for additional polling places. He proposed, therefore, to withdraw the whole of Part 3 of the bill, which dealt with that subject: but in doing so he threw the responsibility for whatever violence and bloodshed might take place at the next general election in Ireland, upon the members of the Opposition. The several clauses comprised in Part 3 were then struck out, and the bill passed through committee. The House having gone into committee on the Metropolitan Foreign Cattle Market Bill, Mr. Crawford made an appeal to the Government to withdraw the bill and bring it forward in the next session. Mr. Disraeli declined to accede to the request, and the committee proceeded to discuss the remaining clauses.

In the House of Commons on Tuesday afternoon the Appropriation Bill and the Army Chaplain Bill were read a third time and passed.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in moving that the Electric Telegraphs Bill be committed, explained the nature of the arrangements which had been made for the acquirement by the Post Office of the several lines of telegraph throughout the kingdom.—Mr. Goschen, in a very lengthened criticism of the financial part of the question, contended that M. Scudamore had over-estimated the revenue that was likely to be derived by about £150,000, and had taken a much too sanguine view of the number of messages. In his opinion, if the Government were now to begin the construction of their own telegraphs, they might do it for two millions sterling; the country was, therefore, about to be called upon to pay four millions extra for goodwill and compensation, for doing that in hurry which had better be done at leisure. After some further discussion the House went into committee, when Mr. Childers moved to amend Clause 4, with a view to the introduction of the clause in the Lands Clauses Consolidation Act relating to the mode of arbitration in the compulsory acquirement of private property—an alteration which, he explained, would bring the bill back to the state in which it was when it went before the select committee. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the amendment, which was negatived without a division. The other clauses were then considered, and the bill as amended was ordered to be reported.

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

On Friday a telegram was received by the Mayor of the borough of Portsmouth, from Sir Robert now Lord Napier, expressing his regret that he should be unable to come to Portsmouth to receive the address prepared by the Corporation, as he was leaving Osborne for London, via Southampton. His Worship, directly on receipt of this communication, decided on taking train to Bournemouth, for the purpose, if possible, of meeting Lord Napier there. This course of procedure, however, was not necessary, from the fact that by some mistake Lord Robert had missed the packet for Southampton, and had come on to Portsmouth, the Mayor falling in with him at the Landport terminus. Lord Napier expressed to the Mayor his regret that he was unable to meet the Mayor and Corporation as he had at first been decided upon, and assured his Worship that he should ever retain in his memory the kindness of the people of Portsmouth.

The officers of the corps of Royal Engineers entertained Lieutenant-General Lord Napier, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., at a grand banquet at Chatham, on which occasion covers were laid for 200 guests. The banquet took place at Brompton Barracks, the headquarters of the corps of Royal Engineers. The dinner was served on a scale of great magnificence, the band of the Royal Engineers performing an appropriate selection of music during the banquet. In proposing the toast of the evening—that of Lord Napier of Magdala—the Duke of Cambridge alluded to the almost unparalleled nature of the undertaking in which the troops in Abyssinia were engaged, and the brilliant termination of the campaign. Lord Napier, in responding, spoke in terms of high praise of the conduct of the force under his command.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

LORD NAPIER and the officers who served in Abyssinia will, dine together at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday, the 28th inst.

A GRAND banquet was held in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh at the Trinity House on Monday night.

On Friday last his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honoured Mr. Barraud with a sitting for his picture of the Punchestown races.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had a dinner party on Tuesday, at Marlborough House, to meet Lieut.-General Lord Napier, G.C.B., G.C.S.I.

The claim of the Duke of Buckingham to be placed on the roll of the Scottish Peers as Lord Kinloss again came before the House of Lords on Tuesday. Their lordships decided that the claim had been established.

The Mayor of Middlesborough has received a letter from the Hon. Sir Charles Grey, stating that Her Majesty has been pleased to depute H.R.H. Prince Arthur to open, in her name, the Albert Park, on the 5th of next month.

The Queen's journey to Switzerland will take place, it is believed, immediately after the 4th of August. Her Majesty, who will be accompanied by Lord Stanley, is understood to have taken two villas near Geneva.

The Bishop of London and Mrs. Tait left town on Monday afternoon to pass a couple of days with Lady Palmerston at Broadlands. On Tuesday the unveiling of the statue of Lord Palmerston in Romsey was accomplished, and also the uncovering of the memorial window to his lordship in Romsey parish church. Lord Palmerston entertained a high regard for the public character of the Bishop of London, and it is on this account, we believe, that Lady Palmerston has requested the Bishop to preach the sermon in Romsey parish church on this occasion.

The Prince of Wales gave a dinner on Saturday in honour of Lieut.-General Lord Napier of Magdala. The following amongst others were present:—His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, his Royal Highness Prince Louis of Hesse, his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, his Serene Highness the Prince of Teck. The band of the Grenadier Guards was in attendance under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey.

On Wednesday, the 5th of August, Her Majesty is expected to leave Osborne in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert. Captain his Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, on her visit to the Continent. According to the present arrangements we understand that it is probable the Queen will disembark from the Victoria and Albert at Cherbourg, and proceed thence by rail for Paris, and Lucerne. If this arrangement is carried into effect, the yacht is expected to return direct to Osborne from Cherbourg to convey the Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse from Her Majesty's marine palace to Antwerp. On the Queen's return from Switzerland it is understood that the orders for the Victoria and Albert will be to proceed to Havre to receive her Majesty and suite on board for re-conveyance across Channel to Osborne.

LORD NAPIER IN THE CITY.

On Tuesday, in pursuance of the motion adopted on the 18th of June last, a special Court of Common Council was convened in the Guildhall, to confer upon Lieut.-General Lord Napier of Magdala the honorary freedom of the City, together with a sword of the value of 200 guineas, in consideration of the fortitude, skill, science, energy, and promptitude displayed by him in bringing the Abyssinian war to so successful and brilliant a close.

The Lord Mayor took the chair at one o'clock upon a dais erected in the great hall, and there were present, besides a large number of ladies in the gallery and in the body of the hall, nearly the whole of the members of the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council in their robes. Shortly after one Lord and Lady Napier arrived, and were most enthusiastically received by a large crowd of people in Guildhall-yard and King-street. The proceedings were most interesting; we only regret we have no space in which to report them.

In the evening Lord Napier was entertained by the Lord Mayor at a magnificent banquet at the Mansion House. Dinner was served shortly before seven o'clock.

After his health being drunk, Lord Napier made a speech, from which the following are extracts:—It has been a source of the greatest gratification to all the officers and men of the forces in Abyssinia to find that our services have been so favourably received by our countrymen, and that by all classes we are considered to have done our duty. (Cheers.) I must say that I have to be grateful for the great assistance I have received in various quarters. I have to express our deep obligation to the Government of this country that so promptly supplied us with everything that we desired. All the members of the force vied with one another in their anxiety to do their duty. (Cheers.) It is not the first time that I have seen British soldiers labour zealously; but I have never seen them work with greater heart and will than during this expedition. (Cheers.) No distinction can be drawn between the different parts of the force. (Cheers.) The native soldiers abandoned all their prejudices, and vied with the English soldiers in doing their duty. (Cheers.) I may mention, just as an example of the thoroughly good feeling that prevailed, that on one occasion I rode over to visit a regiment of the Bengal Pioneers, who knew something of me—some personally, others by tradition. Soon after I arrived at the place where the regiment was at work, some Prussian officers, who honoured us with their presence, were astonished to see the men in a state of the greatest excitement, dancing backward and forward, and throwing their baskets of earth about, but the cause of it was that the men were showing their delight that the Commander-in-Chief had come to see them at work. I cannot speak in too high terms of the services of the cavalry. (Cheers.) Their cheerfulness and readiness could not be surpassed. I remember that on one occasion I had to fix the camping ground, and a native cavalry officer—one of my escort—assisted me. He said he did not know where the Commander-in-Chief was going to put the cavalry, he was quite certain that they would go anywhere. I pointed out a little hill, and said that that was the only place for the cavalry. It was a very elevated site. The officer said, "Very well, Sahib, it is a very suitable piece of flat ground;" but, in reality, it was on the slope of a steep hill, and at an angle of 45 degrees. (Cheers and laughter.) But difficulties of that description were thought nothing of. It is hardly necessary for me to speak of the British infantry. Their labours were extremely hard, yet they were gallantly performed. Last, but certainly not least, I must mention the services of the navy. (Cheers.) They assisted us in every possible way. The unlimited zeal and spirit of the Commodore spread through all the ranks of the service. I never saw better soldiers than the men of the Naval Brigade, or better marchers, or better men to take care of the mules. (Cheers.) I can't help fancying that many of them, after their recent experience, will be going into the Hussars or the Artillery. I am sure that Captain Villiers seemed very much at home on horseback. Finally, Lord Napier observed, that though not a very young soldier he was a young volunteer, for he had been requested to become the hon. colonel of the 3rd Regiment of the London Rifle Brigade—a position that he was very proud to fill, for he was proud of the volunteer forces of England. (Cheers.) He should remember to his latest day the honour that had been conferred upon him by the City of London, and with the deepest gratitude the kind and cordial welcome that had been extended to him by the country. (Loud cheers.)

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE *London Review* learns that Mr. James Hannay has been removed from the consulship at Brest to the consulship at Barcelona. The change (it adds) may be regarded as a promotion—the post at Barcelona being much more lucrative than at Brest.

As a proof of good will, and a desire that the naval officer in command of her Majesty's ships on the Australian station should be better enabled to maintain the dignity of his position, the Legislature of New South Wales has, says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, awarded to Commodore Rowley Lambert, C.B., a sum of £500 per annum.

In accordance with a resolution which the Rev. Baptist Noel announced twelve months ago, to the effect that he should not continue his pastoral connection with the congregation of John-street Chapel, Bedford-row, beyond the completion of his 70th year, that gentleman Sunday evening preached his farewell sermon to an audience that crowded the building in every part.

The Hyde-park "demonstration" against the Irish Church took place on Sunday afternoon. Only two branches of the Reform League, those of Clerkenwell and Holborn, were represented; neither the main body nor the Working Men's Association took any part in the proceedings. The assemblage in the park was quiet and orderly.

Mr. RALPH ASHINGTON, a conservative, has been returned for Clitheroe without opposition, in succession to Mr. Fort, deceased, a liberal. As parliament is not expected to sit more than ten days longer, the liberal party did not consider it expedient to contest the seat. Under these circumstances Mr. Roundell retired from the contest, with an intimation that he will appeal to the enlarged constituency at the general election.

In both Houses of Parliament attention has been drawn to the anomalous and disordered condition of the War Office. Peers and Commons have a right to be alarmed at the intervention of the Treasury, and may be justly apprehensive at the flagrant attempt of certain occult influences "base and disloyal enough" to make war on reforms projected and nearly carried out in a department which they are supposed to serve.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

CHAIRING the winner of the Queen's Prize, and criticising the performances at the Public Schools match, have been the most exciting operations in that thoroughly animated day—Tuesday. The churning was without chairs, but was a ceremonial thrilling to look at, and terrible to undergo. The language has no superlatives by which to express the heat of the day. It was beyond the thermometer, even of the celebrated Mr. Anybody. No scientific instrument can feel, and sentient humanity has perspired and suffered beyond quotation even of the most appalling figures. What has been often reported of tropical climates happens as we write. Our paper has the consistency and running properties of a blotting-pad, solely from the condition of the person writing on it; and ink is alloyed to an extent which makes the mere mechanical operation of penning words a matter of some difficulty. Let our readers just picture to themselves this melting condition of affairs, and then listen to the penalties of fame. The fashionable crowd assembled at the firing-place of the Public Schools were roused from target contemplation at half-past four by a mighty shout in the south-west. Those attracted in its direction found one man struggling with many. He was quiet; they were noisy. He deprecated fuss; they insisted upon fussiness. He implored to be let alone; they lifted him shoulder-high, each volunteer taking a limb as if it were a separate parcel, and bore him overhead as if he were a dejected image in plaster of Paris carried by an Italian boy. Hot men in uniform and out of it pressed upon him, hustled, patted, poked, nudged, and tickled him. He became a target for their muscular ardour and manly strength. Those who could get near enough for a friendly prod danced a rotatory war-dance in his front or by his side. All shouted. Scott tells us of the merry congratulations which followed upon the winning of the popinjay, and of the embarrassments following upon the hospitable conviviality its hero felt bound in honour to observe. The winner of the great volunteer prize of the year seemed in quite as delicate a position. He struggled in vain against the obtrusive demonstrations of his friends. Poor Mr. Peak, of Manchester! He looked limp and purposeless as a broken puppet before his triumphal progress had continued for a hundred yards. What the men hugging his legs must have felt, and what were the condition of the shoulders his manly form bestrode, are really matters for curious physiological speculation. But with all this enthusiasm no one thought of carrying the winner's rifle, and he shouldered it into the council tent, still sitting on his colleagues' heads, much as an expert rope-dancer bears his balancing-pole. Inside the council tent, Captain Midmay, who had been missed from the Public Schools competition, and whose absence was explained by his laurel-wreath business, now affixed something to one part of Mr. Peak's coat, and then delivered him over to his eager constituents outside. The crowd was by this time immense. Ladies joined it. Visitors left their carriages, tradesmen their tent-counters, refreshment waiters their duties, idlers their chairs, to flock and shout round the modest-looking grey-clad young man with a red beard, who was their hero. In vain did the policemen endeavour to form a line around him. In vain did he petition again to be allowed to walk. "Up with him! Show him! Show him!" came from all sides, and though he struggled round the corner for a few yards he was shouldered again—struggling, perspiring, and good-humouredly protesting—directly he reached the Secretary's second tent-door. The Association band met the procession soon after it left the firing-place, and continuing to precede it through the camp, in which the conviviality in the winner's honour was being prolonged until a late hour. The rumours of an appeal to the Council with respect to the conditions under which the Queen's Prize has been won rest upon an alleged irregularity in loading, and may or may not give rise to discussion. Sir George Cornwall Lewis's remark as to life being tolerable if it were not for its amusements involuntarily rose to the mind on seeing Mr. Peak's ovation. It is a proud thing to win the Queen's Prize; but to go through such a subsequent experience as his arouses some tender curiosity as to the state of his nerves to-day.

The Public Schools Match brought down many visitors, and was better managed from a public point of view than that between the Lords and Commons.

THE HAIR.—All its beauty may be retained, and although grey it may be restored by using Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Price Six shillings. Her Zylbalsamum at Three shillings will beautify the hair of the young.—European Depot, 266, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

THE 55s. HAND-SEWING MACHINE (American manufacture), will hem, fell, bind, tuck, run, quilt, braid, embroider, and do every kind of family sewing. Every Machine guaranteed. See patterns of work and testimonials, post free.—J. L. WEBB, 2, Carlisle-st., Soho-sq., W. (not Charles-st.). Agents wanted.

CITY HAT COMPANY's only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOES-LANE, exactly Eight doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers.

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FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

In conformity with the wish expressed by the European Telegraph Conference, held at Vienna, the Federal Council has consented to undertake the establishment of an International Telegraph-office in Switzerland.

The much talked-of conversation reported by the *Nord*, and printed last week, the authenticity of which has been so much discussed, is, in fact, a reproduction of a paragraph from a speech from the throne in 1856, in which the Emperor thus expressed himself: "If I live, the Empire lives with me; and if I were killed the Empire would be still further secured by my death because the indignation of the army and the people would prove a fresh support for the throne of my son."

NADAR the photographer carried off a victory, which, until last week, has been considered amongst savants as an impossibility. He started in the Captive balloon, and at 800 yards above the earth's surface was enabled so skilfully to arrange his apparatus that in two hours he lighted on this nether earth with a series of proofs representing the planisphere of Paris, with a minute correctness never hitherto obtained from a balloon, thus proving the strategic services which, during a siege, might be obtained by photographs taken from Cloudland.

The secret experiments as to the gun mitrailleuse, invented by the Emperor of the French are still going on at Meudon. For the last six days the booming of cannon has been heard from ten in the morning to two in the afternoon. The report is said not to be louder than the ordinary sound of musketry practice, but three shots are heard per minute; at times, however, the sound produced is said to resemble that of distant thunder. Sentinels are posted around the practising ground, who rigorously prevent the approach of strangers.

PRINCE NAPOLEON, after a stay of a fortnight, left the Bosphorus on the 10th in his steam yacht, the *Prince Jerome*. Although surmise has put various constructions on the object of his visit, it has been undoubtedly unconnected with any political object. His Imperial Highness has been treated with every attention by both the Sultan and his Ministers. He has further had the opportunity of frequent communication with the Egyptian Viceroy and his energetic brother, Mustapha Fazyi Pacha. The visit of Prince Napoleon has occasioned the introduction of a very important new custom—perhaps we should say innovation—in the ceremony of the Imperial Palace. For the first time the Sultan dined at the same table with his Ministers at the two dinners he gave when Prince Napoleon was the guest. The service on both occasions was thoroughly European—strange to say, carried out under the direction of a Greek *maitre d'hotel* and a *chef de cuisine* of the same race.

The Emperor recently granted a tobacco shop to the widow of the workman accidentally killed during rifle practice at Vincennes. The following particulars as to the manner in which the Government maintains the monopoly of tobacco shops is curious:—"Every morning the Finance Minister sends in to the Emperor an exact report of the number of vacant *debits de tabac*, and of their respective value. The Emperor and Empress inscribe on the opposite column the names of the persons in whom they are interested; the paper is sent back to the Finance Minister, who signs the nominations thus made. In preceding reigns tobacco shops were in the gift of the Minister of Finance, or in that of the Director-General of Taxes. Those functionaries have now only the disposal of shops, the value of which is estimated at less than £10 a year. The value of a Paris shop, as I have before stated, varies from £100 to £400 a year, and the most reproductive are reserved for the benefit of the widows and daughters of generals, and of persons who have rendered signal service to the country, but who were unable adequately to provide for their families.

REVOLUTION IN ST. DOMINGO.—C. M. writes—"My private letters by the last West India mail bring information of a strong revolutionary movement in San Domingo. While Salnave is closely besieged in Port-au-Prince, and reduced to his last resources, the different shades of political opinion which have hitherto divided San Domingo have melted together to deliver the island from the rapacity and tyranny of President Boez. Every one knows that Boez is the tool of the Spanish Government, who hope sooner or later, through him, to conquer the gem of the Antilles. Generals Pamentel and Leperron have already invested the whole of the north and north-east of the island, and only await the arrival of ex-President Montecatini to march upon San Domingo. It is very probable that the next mail will bring us intelligence of the flight of Boez to Havana, and the establishment of a new Government in San Domingo.

THE SICK AND WOUNDED FROM ABYSSINIA.—P.S.C. writes to a contemporary, not having seen any mention in the press of the mode in which the sick and wounded are returning from Abyssinia, I think the following extract from a letter received from Aden may interest many of your readers:—"The troop ship *Golden Fleece* has just put in here for coals. She left Zoula on the 5th of June. She has on board 19 sick and wounded officers, and the sick and wounded men of the Abyssinian expedition, under the command of Captain Fawcett, 1st regiment, a Quartermaster of the late army. She will sail for the Cape and England as soon as she has coaled. The wounded, I hear, are progressing favourably."

MISS RYE AND HER SERVANT GIRLS.—We infer from a statement in a late English paper that this "philanthropic lady," as she is called, has brought out a number of workhouse girls in her train. If so, we feel certain that those who so rapidly engaged them will be in as big a hurry to get rid of them again. One of them who got a place in this town has already shown her training by stealing her mistress's clothing, &c., and sloping off to parts unknown. It is all very well to be philanthropic, but we trust Miss Rye will not be so at the expense of the unfortunates who, relying on her reputation, take her protégées without looking into their antecedents.—*Canadian Paper*.

WHITE HEAT AND BLACK COATS.—Why do not the members of our profession set a good example by clothing themselves in a rational manner during the present weather? We learnt from Franklin a century ago that the solar heat is absorbed with greater or less facility according to the colour of the object exposed to the rays. Everyone remembers how he put pieces of cloth, similar in texture and size, but different in colour, upon fresh-fallen snow in the sunlight, and how he found the snow melted under the pieces of cloth quickest when the cloth was black, less quickly under the blue, green, purple, red, yellow, in the order enumerated, and very slowly indeed under the white. Each day's experience shows that we do not need to be made of snow in order to melt rapidly under a black coat. What we require for comfort is, of course, a white material, in order that the heat rays may be reflected as much and absorbed as little as possible. The material should be porous—should imprison, that is, large quantities of air in its texture, and serve, therefore, as a very bad conductor of heat, while at the same time facilitating evaporation of the moisture in the surface of the body. These qualities are possessed in the highest degree by white flannel, and there is no reason that we can find why this material should not be adopted generally in place of the atrocious costume which fashion inflicts upon suffering mankind.—*The Lancet*.

ANOTHER DEATH FROM DROWNING IN THE SERPENTINE.—On Sunday night a young man named Daniel Fitzgerald, a labourer, was drowned while bathing in the Serpentine. He was considered a good swimmer, and is supposed to have been seized with cramp.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—The first performance on Saturday night of Mozart's magnificent opera "Il Flauto Magico"—which, for the last four or five years, has undoubtedly proved one of the grandest and most masterly achievements under Signor Arditi's direction, was not, unfortunately, without its serious drawback. Mdlle. Nilsson, who, as a matter of course, sustained the part of the Queen of Night, sang the first aria superbly, and was encircled with acclamations, but was compelled, through indisposition, to omit the greater air, "Gli angeli d'inferno," of the second act, which perhaps to the generality of opera-goers is one of the special features of the whole performance. This was a great disappointment undoubtedly, and there were some other shortcomings of lesser consequence, to which we need not direct attention. Mdlle. Titiens, who on the previous day was unable to appear at the "complimentary" concert of the Philharmonic Society, has seldom been in better voice, and never sang with greater charm. No singing, indeed, than that of the beautiful air, "Ah, lo so," by Mdlle. Titiens, could have been more expressive, tender, and brilliant. The enthusiastic recall the great artist received was perfectly justified by the performance. Mr. Santley was as admirable and effective as ever as the Birdcatcher, and exhibited a great deal of quaint humour.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The newly-amalgamated company at the New Adelphi Theatre, with Mr. Charles Mathews at its head—Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and the regular troupe of the establishment having migrated eastwards, and for some weeks past having been giving performances of the popular drama of "No Thoroughfare" at the Standard Theatre with eminent success—despite the boiling heat of the weather, has been doing excellent business, drawing capital audiences, and sending them away as merry as larks. Mr. Charles Mathews appears nightly as Harry Jasper in the revived comedy of "A Bachelor of Arts," and as Mr. Paddington Green in Mr. Morton's farce of "If I had £1,000 a year—two of his liveliest impersonations—and exhibits all that rich vivacity of mirth and whimsicality, and all that incomparable ease and quietude of manner which betokens the consummate artist and humorist, and has made him one of the greatest favourites that ever adorned the boards. With Mr. Chas. Mathews are associated in the "Bachelor of Arts" the charming sisters Misses Maria and Nelly Harris, the former sustaining, with excellent effect, the part of Emma Thornton, the latter that of Adolphus, while Mrs. Thornton is represented with much life and nature by Miss Lennox Grey, and Mr. G. Belmont plays Andrew Wylie. The revival is altogether admirably acted. Some days since a new farce concocted by Mr. Augustus Harris, and entitled "Tom Thrasher," was produced with much success. It has no plot.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Auber's opera comique "Le Domino Noir," one of the most charming of his many works of that class, was produced here on Tuesday in an Italian version. The principal characters of Angela (Angèle) and Orazio (Horace) which were to have been filled by Mdlle. Pauline Lucca and Signor Mario, were assigned to Madame Sherrington and Signor Nandini. The characteristic couplets for Gil Perez in the second act received an encore, which was responded to by a repetition of the second verse. The opera was repeated on Wednesday, and the season closed on Thursday with a combined entertainment for the benefit of Mdlle. Patti.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—In accordance with long-established precedent, Mr. Buckstone on Thursday evening closed the Haymarket season with his annual benefit, and revived for the occasion one of those old dramas which possess for modern playgoers all the interest of a novelty. Colley Cibber's five-act comedy, entitled "She Would and She Would Not," is stated in the bills not to have been acted at this theatre since 1835; but it was certainly represented here some years later with Mrs. Nisbett as Hypolita, and in a compressed form it was included amongst those careful revivals which distinguished the memorable Sadler's Wells management of Messrs. Greenwood and Phelps. The comedy, which went off with great spirit, was followed by a slight farce, adapted from the French by Mr. Walter Gordon, and entitled, "Pay to the Bearer a Kiss." Mr. Frederick Buckstone, who for the first time appeared on this stage in conjunction with the Haymarket company, is introduced to the metropolitan public as a rustic bridegroom, whose jealousy is aroused by seeing his newly-married wife kissed by a London fop, and whose excitement is pacified by a promissory note to return the same on demand. The very slight texture of the novelty does not enable the young actor to show any remarkable powers of original humour in the small character selected for his debut, but the audience heartily applauded the son for the sake of the father, and evidently recognised the possibility of the debutante quickly establishing a claim to commendation on his own merits. In October the house will open with Miss Bateman in her world renowned character of Leah, and during her engagement that lady will produce a new play, written expressly for her by Dr. Mosenthal, the author of "Leah," who has intimated his determination to be present at the first representation. At Christmas, Mr. Sothorn will return, repeating the successful play of "A Hero of Romance," but only until a new production by Dr. Westland Marston can be ready for representation. Mr. Robertson, the author of "David Garrick," and of many clever comedies, is engaged upon one for performance here. The entire Haymarket company has by this time started on a tour to Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Bradford. Mr. Buckstone appeared amidst hearty acclamations, and addressed the house. In the course of his remarks he made the pleasingly deplorable statement:—"I have not yet found any decay in any of my faculties, and am still in good health and strength. It may be that my time for bidding you a final adieu will not be so very soon. In fact, I have only just begun to think of it, and that chiefly through finding myself sometimes called 'a veteran,' which designation I have earned by having been more than forty years before the public—a few at the transpontine theatres and Drury Lane—about ten at the Adelphi, in the days of Frederick Yates and John Reeves, and the remaining thirty here at the Haymarket; still I hope to have sufficient stamina remaining to do what has to be done here."

BETWEEN the departure of Mr. Buckstone and his company and the renovation of this theatre, a brief trusteeship intervenes, in which the experienced management of Mr. H. Burnett and the able stage direction of Mr. Ryder co-operate. On Monday night the responsibility of opening it was entrusted to Mr. Pennington, probably a pupil of Mr. Ryder, who essayed with some success the part of Othello. Miss Ada Cavendish was the Desdemona—a sweet, ladylike, callous Desdemona—which is no more Shakespeare's ideal than Chalk is cheese.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—The attractions at this place of amusement have been augmented by the performances of the "Asiatic Tribe" or, in other words, the celebrated Oriental troupe who made their first salutation to a London audience at Covent-garden during the late pantomimic season. The whole of the feats which at that time were so successfully delineated—the sword evolutions, bamboo balancing, conjuring, slack rope, walking on the tips of buffalo horns, &c., were reproduced, and received with those commendatory remarks of approval and satisfaction to which they are well entitled. The feature of the week, however, was the appearance of M. Onra, a trapeze performer, from whom, owing to the style of the announcement with which his advent had been heralded, much was expected by the audience. The primary flights of this new aspirant for public favour at once demonstrated, beyond a doubt, that he was a perfect master of his art, whilst his subse-

quent evolutions, which included several new variations and astonishing twists and twirls of the body whilst passing in mid-air from bar to bar, drew forth loud plaudits from all, accompanied by exclamations of wonder from some of the more impulsive of the spectators.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Mr. W. H. Liston, the manager of this theatre, took his benefit last night, when a new domestic drama, by Mr. H. J. Byron, called "The Lancashire Lass," was produced, with Mr. Emery in a prominent character.—We shall have to say more of this next week.

NEW ROYALTY.—A season, including six hundred and sixty-eight nights, was brought to a close on Friday evening. The performances comprised Mr. John Daly's clever little comedy of "Married Daughters," in which the matrimonial question is so amusingly discussed; and the lively burlesque of "The Merry Zingars," which has met with a success so emphatically decided. The popular managersess, Miss M. Oliver, received on the occasion the warmest expression of the good wishes of the audience, and the prosperous issue of an unusually prolonged campaign was indicated by the crowded house which assembled on the occasion. The theatre will re-open early in September.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—The annual concert of the associates and professional students of the London Academy of Music, under the direction of Dr. Wylde, took place on Saturday afternoon, when, despite the overbearing sultriness of the weather, there was an unusually numerous attendance of the friends and patrons of the institution. The programme was necessarily of considerable length, the exhibitors showing in more than ordinary numbers, not one of whom had space for a second appearance. The pieces were well selected and very agreeably varied.

MADAME RISTORI has taken her farewell of America. Her last appearance was at the French Theatre, New York, as Queen Elizabeth, in a play written expressly for her. At the end of the fourth act, being loudly summoned, she came to the front of the stage and spoke in English the following lines—

The end has come; the last word must be spoken.

From great and free America I part;

But never never can the spell be broken,

Her memory I take, and leave my heart.

A DRAMATIC performance will be given by Mr. H. F. Partridge, at St. George's-hall, Langham-place, W., on the 1st August, in aid of the funds of the Great Northern Hospital, N. The new building cannot be opened for want of funds.

PROFESSOR RISLEY'S IMPERIAL JAPANESE TROUPE.—This clever troupe, which recently achieved so decided a success at the Lyceum, is now astonishing and delighting the Madrid public. Last Tuesday, it appears, was the opening night, and no fewer than five thousand persons gave the entertainment their support. The Queen of Spain was present, and it is stated that she expressed herself delighted with the performance.

DEATH OF MR. J. STIRLING COYNE.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Joseph Stirling Coyne, in his 65th year. Mr. Coyne, the son of an Irish Commissariat officer, was born at Birr, King's County, Ireland, and was educated at Dingsannon School. He was intended for the legal profession, but soon abandoned it for that of literature. His first attempt was a farce called "The Phenologist," brought out in Dublin in 1835. In 1837 he came to England, and was introduced to a London audience. His successes were decided, and many farces and dramas, some of which achieved an exceptional success, remain to testify his industry. For a number of years he acted as dramatic critic to a weekly paper, and contributed occasionally to other newspapers. He produced some minor works of fiction, and a work called "The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland." Mr. Coyne was, jointly with Mr. Mark Lemon and Mr. Henry Mayhew, one of the protectors and original proprietors of *Punch*.

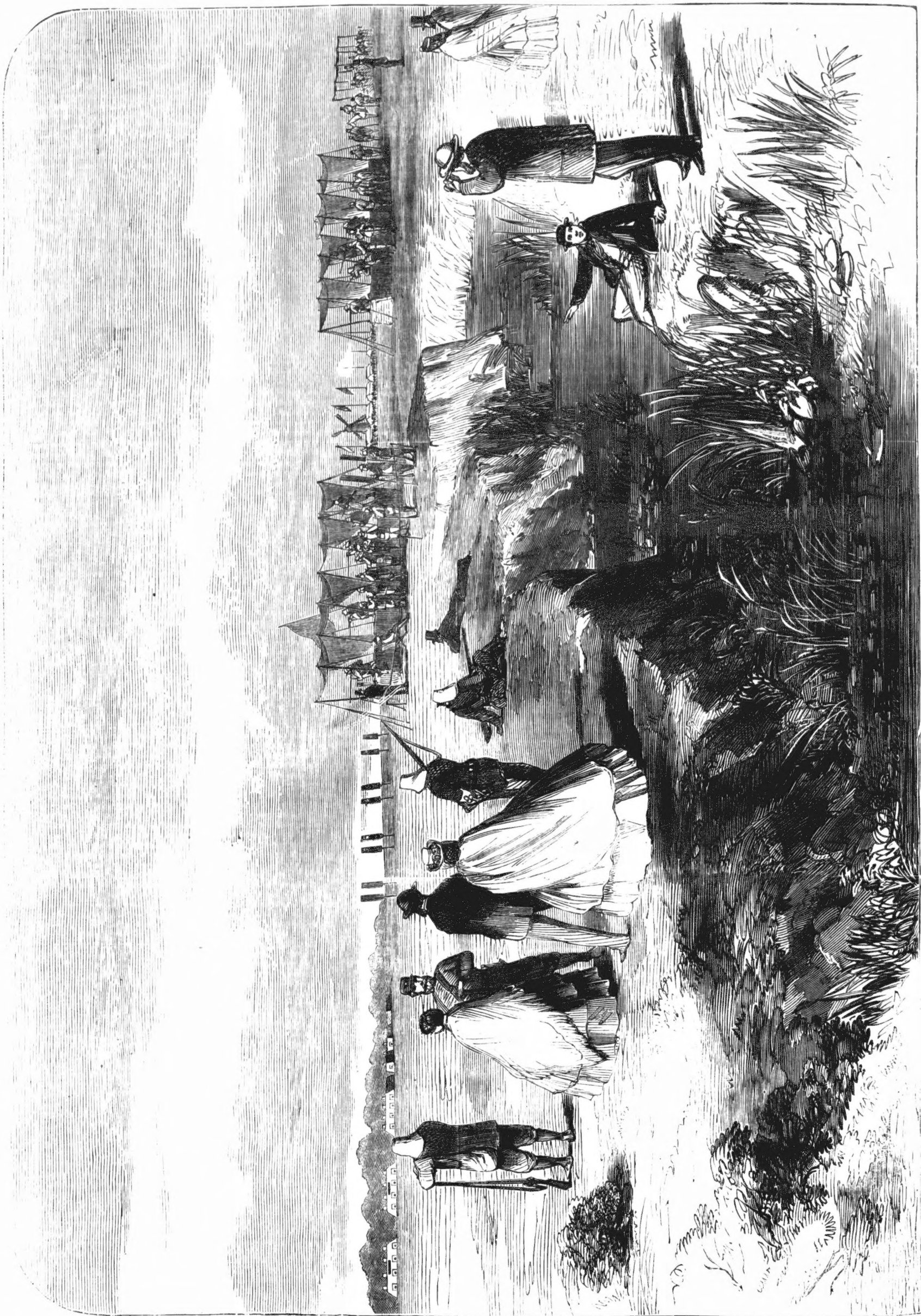
FINE ARTS.—Mr. S. W. Beal, 47, St. Paul's Church-yard, has issued a very effective memory-card border, to contain the portrait of a dead friend. Its use in an album is to prevent inquiries being made which would pain all parties.

MURDER OF A BOY BY HIS FATHER.—At the Rugby Petty Sessions, William Kemp, labourer, charged with the wilful murder of his son Thomas Kemp, at Prince-thorpe, on the 14th inst., has been committed for trial. The prisoner worked a brick-yard, and recently sustained a somewhat heavy loss in consequence of a large quantity of drainpipes not turning out satisfactorily. About eight years ago he had a sunstroke, and eighteen months since lost his wife. These circumstances preyed upon his mind, and he was frequently greatly depressed in spirits; but, although peculiar, his conduct was not such as to cause his friends to apprehend that he would do any injury to himself or anyone else. The particulars of the catastrophe are known to our readers, the prisoner sat with his face buried in his hands, and at intervals wept bitterly. Several neighbours were called who deposed to his having for some time been greatly depressed in spirits and peculiar in his manner, and some of his relatives gave evidence to the same effect.

TWO CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—On Monday morning a fire was discovered in the workshop of Mr. Wm. Hawksworth, cabinet maker and joiner, Coldwell, Oughtibridge. Mr. Hawksworth had two little grandchildren staying with him. One was a girl, three years, and the other a boy of two years. The children were playing in the workshop when the fire broke out. Mr. Hawksworth at once ran to the workshop, but the flames and smoke frustrated all attempts to enter it by the door. On another side of the shop there was a window, but entrance there was also found impossible. In vain the grandfather, his sons, and the neighbours tried again and again to get in to rescue the children. It was not until the fire was subdued that they could explore the ruins, and then, within a foot or two of the window, amid tinder and smouldering wet hay, they found the poor infants, charred and partly consumed, and locked in each other's arms.

LORD TAUNTON'S PARLIAMENTARY WORKS.—Lord Taunton, whose long experience as President of the Board of Trade qualifies him peculiarly for giving advice upon the subject, has given notice of a resolution in Parliament, which, if adopted as an addition to standing orders, would place a very efficient check upon joint-stock jobbing with the sanction of law. He proposes that in no instance shall any bill asking authority to raise the existing tariff for goods or passengers be read a second time until a report upon its scope and provisions shall have been laid upon the table from the Board of Trade. This is, in fact, but the common-sense recommendation before the steel is stolen, to bolt the door. The subject stands for discussion in the Lords, and it is of so great importance that it should be fully and fairly debated. If such a regulation as that which Lord Taunton proposes would have the effect of protecting the public, it does not seem to be open to any objection on the score of undue restriction of the operations of railway companies. Such a motion ought to be the means of raising a very important practical discussion.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Advice from Nova Scotia state that the local government had refused to allow the Queen's printer of the province, who is a member of the Parliament of the Canadian Confederation, to publish a proclamation of the Governor-General enjoining the observance of the 1st July as the anniversary of the establishment of the Confederation. The administrator of the government of the province thereupon published it in his own authority and placarded it all over Halifax. It is stated that in the town of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, no celebration of the day took place, and only two flags were displayed. On the 4th of July, however, the anniversary of American independence, a salute of thirty-six guns was fired at sunrise, noon, and sunset, and United States flags were hung out all over the town.



THE WIMBLEDON MEETING.—SHOOTING FOR THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

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ENGLISH MARRIAGES.

THE anomalous condition of our marriage laws seldom remains for a month without being forcibly illustrated by some example of injustice or absurdity. We have at least four separate sets of legal marriage systems within the limits of these two little islands. First, there is the law of marriage as it prevails in England. Second, the law of marriage as it prevails in Scotland. Third, the law of marriage as it prevails among the Roman Catholics in Ireland. Fourth, the Irish law of marriage, which affects the union of Protestants and Roman Catholics. We do not know how many other different systems of marriage may not be flourishing under our law, but these four are undeniable. Of course, if we go into the subject more minutely, we shall find that, in Scotland itself, there are four or five different kinds of marriage. But we are now grouping the marriage system nationally, so to speak; and regarding each as a separate system which has a fundamental and indispensable condition different from any of the others. Thus regarded, we find at least four great systems flourishing side by side; and sometimes cruelly conflicting. Therefore, before anyone could tell whether a man had committed bigamy who had admittedly gone through a ceremony of marriage with two women successively, both being alive, it must be ascertained whether the first ceremony took place in England, Scotland, or Ireland; and whether the two persons who came together to be joined were or were not of the same religion. The Scotch law, it may be briefly said, regards consent and intention as an essential condition of marriage. The English law treats it as a contract to which the whole public is a party, and requires certain precise conditions and formal acts; the law as regards Ireland is somewhat modified, to suit the religious differences of the country, and is still further affected by the unparalleled existence of some old relics of penal rigour. Everyone

WIMBLEDON ON SUNDAY.

THE place was like a fifth-rate Cremorne, a Highbury Barn without the check of a refreshment ticket, an Anerley Garden with little to amuse the vacant mind. There is a limit to all things, and it is no more agreeable to be watched and intruded on in your private dwelling here than it would be at home. But it was difficult to restrain the curiosity of the British sight-seer on Sunday. He joined in conversation, he watched toilets, he superintended meals. The volunteers were turned into a raree-show, just as they and the visitors had made a raree-show of the Prince of Wales a few hours before. It has always been customary to leave the Wimbledon entrance—perhaps the other entrances—open on Sunday. The inhabitants of the village have never renounced their common-rights and maintain that neither Lord Spencer nor the association have the faintest legal authority for excluding them from what they hold to be their own ground. The whole question of the preservation of commons has sprung up since the volunteer movement started, and the law proceedings now pending between Earl Spencer and the Wimbledon residents strike at the very root of the association's title for being here, or, at the least, for charging admission fees for entering upon common land. As a matter of fact free tickets are sent for the whole camp time to many of the residents at Wimbledon, and the latter regard the open gates on Sunday as a tacit admission of what cannot be denied. But the men encamped were the sufferers on Sunday night. Pony-carts, tax-carts, donkey-trucks, cats' meat-carts, omnibuses, and vans began to disgorge their contents late in the afternoon. The trains were full, and a steady stream of arrivals flowed in from the two stations of Putney and Wimbledon until dark. The result may be easily conceived. The rights of freeholders and copyholders were used as freely as if Wimbledon-

SERPENT BITES.

ALL Melbourne was talking, when the Australian mail departed, about a very lamentable and remarkable death by snake-bite. A man named Shires had come in from the bush with various kinds of poisonous serpents, which he exhibited about the town, allowing them to bite him, and then rubbing on the wound a certain substance, which he declared to be a sovereign remedy against snake-poison. The snakes were of the deadliest sort known in South Australia—such as the tiger-snake, carpet-snake, and puff-adder; but here, though any one of the reptiles can kill in twenty-four hours, was this exhibitor safe and sound after every bite which they gave him. Some called him a public benefactor, and bought his nostrum; others pronounced him a charlatan, and asserted that the snakes that wounded him had been deprived of their poisonous power. Among these last was a police-magistrate, Mr. Drummond, who actually insisted upon being bitten, in order that he might expose the cheat. The snake-doctor really seems to have done all he could to break the resolution of his assailant. He warned Mr. Drummond—rather against his own professed faith in the medicine—that it was terrible risk to run gratuitously; and he appears to have proved, by experiments on fowls and rabbits, that his reptiles retained their fangs in full poisonous efficiency. The police magistrate would not be put off, and he persisted that one of the tiger snakes, a deadly variety, should be applied to his wrist. Shires let him have his way, the snake fastened upon his arm, and blood was drawn; whereupon the rash experimentalist presently swooned away, and the remedy was vigorously rubbed upon the part bitten. So far as the snakes were concerned, the result afforded a proof only too complete and tragical, that although the exhibitor was in some strange way protected against their poison, the reptiles were really venomous.



HARVESTING—THE SICKLE.

knows how, in the early days of the Irish settlement, Englishmen displayed a remarkable partiality for marrying Irish women, and how the ruling authorities did their best to prevent such unions. At one time the severest penalties were in force against any English Protestant marrying, or even loving par amours, an Irishwoman. Gradually the futile penalties were mitigated into a punishment against the priest who married a Protestant and a Catholic. More lately—indeed very lately—the penalties have been swept away; but a marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic, celebrated only by a Roman Catholic priest, is not valid. This, therefore, completes what we have called the four great varieties of our marriage laws; and it is certainly not the least fruitful of trouble and wrong. We need not refer to the famous Yelverton case as an illustration.

FEMALE FRANCHISE.—In the list just published of the "persons entitled to vote in the election of knights of the shire for the county of Middlesex, in respect of the occupation as owner or tenant of lands or tenements within the parish of Hillingdon of the rateable value of £12 or upwards," there are the names of not less than fifty-six women. In a similar list published for Uxbridge, which joins Hillingdon, there does not appear the name of one woman. It would very much interest many of the electors in this part of the county, and doubtless elsewhere, if some competent authority would inform them whether the overseers of a parish are at liberty to insert or omit at pleasure the names of females among the list of voters.

ALLEGED FENIANISM.—Six armed men entered the shop of a gunmaker in Cork, on Monday, and, in presence of the shopman, stole a number of firearms, and got quietly away without being apprehended. They are supposed to be Fenians; and the Fenians can hardly say they are wronged by the supposition. Still, an impartial observer cannot fail to have remarked how little they have done to remind us of their existence. Looking at what Ireland was a year ago, we think her present condition affords every ground for congratulation and hope.

common had been Hampstead-heath, and the people camping on it so many gipsies grateful for notice. For the future success of the gathering it will be desirable to know the precise rights Lord Spencer is able to hand over temporarily to the association. Can the latter exclude Wimbledon? If yes, let us have closed gates on Sunday as well as other days, and let the nuisance of Sunday evening be abated or abolished.

EDUCATION OF NURSES.—A most important movement has just been undertaken by the governors of the Middlesex Hospital. At a special meeting held in the board-room of the institution, Captain the Hon. Frances Maude, R.N., in the unavoidable absence of the Duke of Northumberland, in the chair, it was unanimously resolved to erect a suitable building in connection with the hospital as a residence for women whose previous qualifications qualify them to be trained and educated as nurses for the sick in hospitals and private families. It is intended that the building should afford accommodation for sixty-six pupils, each being provided with a separate apartment. There will be a refectory, laundry, bath-room, and every accommodation for a model building. Those who are trained in the proposed establishment may remain attached to the Middlesex Hospital if vacancies should occur in the nursing staff, or be available for employment in other institutions, or for private nursing. The sum required to carry out this very desirable object is calculated to be about £6,000 towards which the Marquis of Westminster has contributed the handsome donation of £1,000. Twelve governors gave at the meeting 100 guineas each, and smaller sums, amounting to £300, were also subscribed, making a total of over £2,500 subscribed in a few days towards the promotion of this very interesting establishment.

BURNING OF MR. GLADSTONE IN EFFIGY.—A correspondent informs us that on Sabbath evening last, the Orangemen of Coalbrookdale, Killyman, Stoughan, and Newmills, assembled near the last-named place, and burned Mr. Gladstone in effigy. The effigy was got up in the most ridiculous costume—the prevailing colour being green; and, having been placed on a low wall, was shot at, and afterwards burned amid great groaning.—*Northern Whig.*

But as intended to demonstrate the worthlessness of the alleged cure, the foolish experiment succeeded but too well, for Mr. Drummond, after recovering from his fainting fit and going home, was again attacked with a horrible faintness; his arm and body became swollen; he had stupor, convulsions, pangs of agony, and finally died of exhaustion within the twenty-four hours. Mr. Drummond left a widow and many young children to mourn his deplorable hardihood, and the city of Melbourne has lost a public man of acknowledged ability and energy. Shires was apprehended, charged with manslaughter and committed for trial; though it is difficult to see how he can be condemned if he seriously tried to prevent the mad experiment, and if he can show that he had faith in his drug. And such would seem to be the case, by the anxious application of his specific as soon as the effects of the snake's fangs showed themselves. Yet, insane as the act of Mr. Drummond was, the snake-doctor deserves to be well punished if he cannot prove that he himself firmly believed in the remedy. *Volenti non fit injuria* is a maxim which may be strained too far when it is a question of tiger-snakes and puff-adders.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—An inquest was held at Guildford, on Saturday evening, before Dr. Stedman, the borough coroner, on the body of Harriet Venn, a girl aged twelve years, whose death was alleged to have occurred through the administration of cantharides, by a boy named Sillick. From the evidence, it appeared that the deceased on Monday last was playing with several other girls and some boys, when Sillick was observed to give the unfortunate deceased two gooseberries, in each of which he had at first cut a hole with a knife, and then placed in each of the cavities a fly. The girl returned home, complained of great pain, and was seized with violent retching. She was put to bed, but the vomiting still continued, and on Wednesday she became insensible, and died at an early hour on Thursday morning. After a long investigation, in which the most lamentable precocity was exhibited by many of the boy witnesses, the inquest was adjourned to Wednesday. Mr. Superintendent Law was present to watch the case on behalf of the borough authorities.

THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.—Shakespeare's Othello and King John.
PRINCE'S.—Mr. Dominic Murray and Mr. Allerton in Shakespeare. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Flying Scud. Mr. Belmore. Seven.
STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—The Lancashire Lass.—Fowl Play; or, Chalkin Hazard. Seven.
HOLBORN.—Foul Play. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
BRITANNIA.—Lady Anne's Well.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
MADAME TISSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

SALE OF POISONS.

ADDISON'S description of Finance as a woman apparently agitated without cause, and apparently to no evident end, might frequently be applied to the House of Commons. That assembly will remain callous upon a given question through a score of years and then suddenly wake up and attack, rather than discuss it, as though the whole welfare of the United Kingdom depended upon its immediate settlement. The question of the sale of poisons is one about which Parliament has been utterly torpid since first the inquiry was advanced. Now, and apparently with little previous intention, the House has taken up the question in so violent a manner that one feels the result must be over-legislation. Reduced to a simple statement the Sale of Poisons Bill is a measure to abolish as far as may be practical the sale of poison in a general way of business. In other words, free trade in substances of a poisonous description would by the measure be abolished. The foundation idea which underlies the whole of this question is the prevention of suicide and of accidental death by poisoning. Now were poison the only road the suicide could take to reach the end of life, we could understand the prevention of the sale of poisons would be a judicious act. But assuredly the individual bent upon suicide will not continue to live simply because he or she cannot terminate existence by poison. In the second case—that of accidental poisoning, it must be felt that the question is not so much that of the sale of poison as the finding of a means whereby it shall be evident to all that in handling the poison they are handling a dangerous material.

Virtually, to prohibit the sale of poisons is absolutely to impede a very large and important branch of trade. It must be felt that any retrogressive measure of this nature is not in accordance with the spirit of the times. It is not the sale of poisons which is a question for Parliament, but such a shape of sale as shall insure the greatest possible probability that the poison shall not be used in ignorance of its composition.

But if the House of Commons is seriously determined to impede the sale of poisons there is a means by which it can effect a very great amount of good. We refer to the sale of common sweetmeats throughout England, without the least attempt at sanitary supervision. There can be little doubt that at almost every cheap confectioner's throughout the land sweetmeats are to be found which are positively poisonous.

Of the importance attached in France to this subject an idea may readily be gained when the inquirer learns that the French sanitary authorities are so severe in reference to the manufacture of confectionery that no poisonous colouring matter is allowed to be used even in the manufacture of the fancy papers which are used for packing the sweets. The French confectioner has before him a list of the colouring substances he may use. Any departure from that edict legally entails fine and imprisonment.

One turns to a contemplation of the total absence of anything like similar legislation in England, to be utterly amazed. Here are members of Parliament carried away into a hot and lasting argument as to what is and what is not poison, as to whether or not poison shall be sold at all, except under conditions which almost reduce the legal sale to a farce, at best being such a sale as would create a fearful monopoly and a large out-crop of trade-rigging; and meanwhile at the next small confectioner's it is possible that for threepence enough poisonous sweetmeat may be bought to kill a young child. As to the paper in which such sweetmeats as those called "kisses" are wrapped, it may be doubted if the colouring matter of any of them is innocuous.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, children only buy this dangerous food in very small quantities, and therefore the evidence of poisoning by this common means are very rare, but it is possible that only too frequently a lingering death might with perfect justice be attributed to coloured confectionery.

The *Lancet* some time since brought public attention very powerfully to bear upon the question of adulteration, and no doubt the improved inspection of markets was the result of the powerful ability displayed in the great medical journal, but Parliament does not appear to have been impressed with the necessity of legislation in reference to adulteration, which still goes on in five thousand different shapes. And yet what is adulteration but the act of poisoning? Of course it is an act in degree; but because a poison does not immediately take effect it is not any the less a poison. Musty flour is as sure a poison, if eaten for any length of time, as arsenic; copper in pickles is as deadly, in a slow and insidious way as sulphate of copper by the ounce is quick and evident.

The Commons are wasting time in trying to prevent through a past-away shape of impediment, the sale of poisons. Poisons form an important branch of commerce, and the tendency of the age is to unshackle commerce as much as possible—not to bind it. A suicide now and again by poison, one or two accidental deaths by the same means in the course of the year, are not matters so serious at their very worst as to justify the cramping of an important branch of trade. As we have already said, let ample means be taken to insure safety from poison when sold, so that a packet or a bottle of poison shall declare its nature unmistakably. But virtually to stop the sale of what may be distinctively called "free" poisons is to travel back in policy to the times of the Tudors. If Parliament feels it must legislate against poison, let it legislate against all shapes of adulteration, and all shapes of manufacture in which poison is needlessly used, but employed because of its cheapness, or the attractive results its use brings about. There are a thousand useful bits of legislation Parliament might accomplish without the least opposition in this direction, and assuredly one which would be applauded by the most varying parties would be a measure by the force of which the confectionery trade throughout England should be under the supervision of sanitary inspectors. At present there is more poison sold over confectioners' counters throughout London in a day than over those of chemists in a week. It is to be hoped that in the coming session of promise what may be called domestic political economy may be looked upon as of paramount importance. In fact political action should always be subservient to social action, for the former is but the new out-crop of the latter, and can only flourish when its root is properly cultivated.

SIX BOYS DROWNED WHILE BATHING.—On Friday, six boys met with their death by being drowned whilst bathing at Prestatyn, a village a few miles distant from Rhyl. Eight boys went to bathe as they came from school in the afternoon, and were surrounded by the tide and caught in a gutter about a hundred yards wide. The shallowest place at which they could get out was three or four yards deep. Two of the number, named Robert Evans and David Wells, of the respective ages of fourteen and eleven, were able to swim, and as soon as they got out they ran for assistance, but it was of no avail, the six boys on their return being out of sight. Their names and ages were Walter Douglas Williams, 10; Thomas Ellis, 11; William Ellis, 9; Samuel Gilderoy, 11; George Gilderoy, 9; and Martin McMahon, 10. Three bodies were found about an hour after the accident, the other three were discovered at one o'clock on Saturday morning. The two Gilderoy boys were the sons of Mr. Gilderoy, colliery manager at Greenfield, Holywell, and were at Prestatyn spending their holidays. The Ellises were the sons of Mr. Ellis, a farmer of that name, living near the scene of the catastrophe; the other two boys were the sons of humble parents residing in the village. An inquest was held on Saturday at Mr. John Hunt's Railway Inn, before Mr. Robert Parry, deputy-coroner for the county of Flint, when a verdict of "Accidentally drowned" was returned. Five out of the six were choristers in the village church, and had, as they thought, just time enough to bathe before going to the usual weekly meeting practice.

MR. BRIGHT, M.P. IN LIMERICK.—On Thursday morning Mr. Joseph Robinson, principal director of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company, and manager of the great Lax weir salmon fishery, had a large but select party at breakfast at his residence, Corbally, to meet Mr. John Bright, M.P., and Mr. George Peabody, whose guest the former has been at Castleconnell, enjoying the fishing of the waters in the picturesque locality since his arrival in Limerick. Mr. Bright and Mr. Peabody arrived at Corbally at ten o'clock, and were received by Mr. Robinson and the company assembled in a most complimentary manner. Subsequent to the repast a fishing party was formed for a day's sport upon the preserved waters, upon which were six angling coits, especially prepared for the occasion with rods and tackle, and within two hours some large-sized salmon were captured. Mr. Bright being so fortunate as to kill two of them. The weather was beautifully fine, and numbers from the city congregated along the banks of the river to witness the proceedings.

HEAD-CENTRE STEPHENS.—The *Cork Reporter* states that James Stephens has returned to Paris, having completed an engagement which he had entered into with a Russian railway company as an "engineer." He is now again giving lessons in English.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.—Roger Onions, first whip to the Quorn, was accidentally killed the other day. The circumstances, as spoken to at the inquest by Gillard, the huntsman, were these. He (the huntsman) and deceased, with the other whipper-in, J. Goddard, were in Garendon-park with the young hounds, showing them the deer, in order to break them from running them. In about three hours they turned towards the lodge, with the intention of returning to Quorn. On their way through the park deceased saw a lame deer, and seemed anxious to show it the hounds, so he trotted towards it. The deer ran away, and deceased started his horse in order to turn it in front of the hounds. He called to deceased to stop, but he appeared not to hear him, and went on, and the deer and his horse came in collision. The deer fell, and the horse rolled over it sideways. The deer got up and ran away, and deceased was left with his left leg under the horse for a few seconds, when the horse jumped up, and deceased's foot being in the stirrup he was dragged, but only about two yards, when his foot was liberated. They raised him up, but he was insensible. Mr. Wood, of Sheepshed, and afterwards Mr. Palmer, of Loughborough, were sent for, and did what they could for him, but he never became conscious, and died about six in the evening.

A FALL OVER THE CLIFF AT RAMSGATE.—About midnight on Saturday last a man named Richard Moyné, about 35 years of age, was seen by a police-constable walking along the edge of the East Cliff, and when he got beyond the barricading post, the Augusta stairs, he suddenly disappeared. The officer concluded that the man had fallen over the cliff, and at once made his way to the bottom. He there discovered him lying between the cliff and a railway passenger wagon. The poor fellow had fallen a distance of about 60 ft., and came down with such terrific force as to break one of the iron steps attached to the carriage, and the wooden floor-board. Assistance was obtained, and Moyné was picked up still alive, and conveyed to the Seamen's Infirmary, when it was found that he had broken all his ribs on one side, and injured his lungs. He still lies in a very precarious condition, and is not expected to recover.

FIRE IN LONDON.—On Wednesday morning the Fire Brigade officially reported to the various insurance offices that during the previous 48 hours not fewer than 22 fires had taken place in various parts of London. One attended with a great loss of property took place in the warehouses belonging to Mr. C. H. Mathieu, a hat manufacturer, No. 9, Great Sutton-street, Clerkenwell. The discovery was not made until flames burst out of at least a dozen windows, and they were not extinguished until the premises and the stock in trade were totally destroyed, and the buildings occupied by Mrs. E. Long, mantle-maker (No. 8), and Mr. Woodman, watch-case-maker, damaged. Another extensive fire broke out in the premises of Mr. J. Baird, wholesale and retail tobacconist, situate 122, Great George-street, Upper East Smithfield, and in spite of the efforts made by the brigade and the salvage corps the premises and their contents were for the most part destroyed.

A LADY POISONED BY STRYCHNIA.—Dr. Lankester held an inquest on Saturday, at No. 1, Kensington Palace-gardens, on Miss Louisa Jane Bland Campbell, aged 32. Deceased had recently arrived in London on a visit from Scotland, in ill-health, and according to prescription was to have taken at regular intervals (meal times) five drops of strychnia in some water. On Thursday, before dinner, she poured the prescribed portion of strychnia from a bottle which contained four grains into another bottle very similar in appearance. Upon going down to dinner she took up the bottle containing the three grains in mistake for the one into which she had put the one grain, and the difference in quantity was not subsequently noticed, as a small dose of strychnia had been mixed with other fluid in the bottle. Upon arriving at the dinner table deceased emptied the bottle she had taken by mistake into some water and drank the mixture. She immediately sprang up in great alarm, exclaiming, "My God! my God! I have taken poison! I have taken the wrong medicine!" and then rushed into the drawing-room. A medical man was sent for, but she expired in great agony in half an hour. The coroner remarked that it would be most advisable to put the poisonous medicines in black bottles, which would sufficiently distinguish them. He thought he could have saved the lady if he had been present, as a spoonful of mustard, and some common table salt were remedies that might have been applied with success. Verdict—"Death from the accidental taking of a poisonous dose of strychnia."

DASTARDLY OUTRAGES.—On Monday afternoon, about half-past-one o'clock, a dastardly outrage was perpetrated in the Crown-dale-road, Camden-town, near Oakley-square. Mr. Williams, con dealer, of No. 19, in that road, was sitting at dinner with his family in the parlour attached to his shop which has a large plate-glass front, when they were startled by a sharp crash, and some glass and other materials falling from the wall just above the head of a young woman, a member of the family. A small round hole was cleanly cut through the upper part of one of the thick sheets of plate-glass forming the shop front, and some bags of flour had been shattered. On examining the wall in the parlour, an indentation was found in the paper and plaster, which was broken. No report of firearms was heard, and it is believed the bullet, or whatever other missile it was—it has not yet been found—was discharged from an air gun, or some such projectile. The police are making every effort to discover the miscreant. Another outrage of a very similar description took place a day or two ago at the house of a lady in Bayham-terrace, near the Mother Red-Cap, at Camden-town. She was resting herself on a bed in an upper room at the back of the house, when she was alarmed by the crashing of the glass of the window, which was open, a bullet having been fired through both sashes. It struck the wardrobe opposite, and was picked up on the floor. The house backs upon houses in Hamilton-street. The police have not yet been able to obtain any clue to the affair, which was very nearly having serious results.

DEATH FROM EATING ROAST DUCK.—On Saturday an inquest was held by Mr. Wilmot, deputy-coroner for the East Riding, on the body of Mrs. H. Doring, a visitant at Bridlington Quay, who on Friday evening, before going to bed, had a hearty supper of roast duck. It had remained undigested in the stomach, causing it to distend and press on the heart, which was already in a diseased state, and thus, according to Dr. Nelson's evidence, produced apoplexy and instant death.

THE POLICE AND THE DOGS.—SALE BY AUCTION.—The second sale of dogs collected from the streets by the police took place at the World's End Tavern, Chelsea, on Saturday afternoon. The animals then exposed for sale were stated in the catalogue to be valuable dogs, and to be a selection of the better animals out of the mass of all sorts collected by the force in fulfilment of the mandates of Sir Richard Mayne. There were sixty-three lots in all, and the highest price which any lot fetched was 37s. That was for a retriever. The average range of prices, however, was from eighteen pence up to three half-crowns. Several of the dogs put up fetched fancy prices, by reason of the anxiety displayed on the part of the people who had lost them to repurchase their old canine dependents. The proceeds of the sale—which, after paying expenses, could not have amounted to much, since the total of the sale-roll was probably not over £25 for the whole sixty-eight lots—goes to the aid of the Holloway Home for Dogs, from which those animals had been fetched for the purpose of sale.

INDIAN HEAT.—We learn from the India papers, that owing to the excessively hot weather, nineteen persons have died at Kurrachee from heat apoplexy, and six at Hyderabad (Siad) from the same cause.

MR. BRIGHT.—Mr. Bright received an enthusiastic reception, day or so since, at Clare, as he passed through it on his way to Ingham, the beautiful residence of Marcus Goodbody, J.P.

STORY OF A BEAR.

THE *Ludington* (Mich.) *Record* of the 30th June, contains the following:—"Mr. Henry Flynn lives about forty miles east of this place, at or near the logging camps of Mr. Ludington. He started one morning to take a horse to pasture, about two miles distant from the house, and as his little girl seemed very anxious to go, he put her upon the horse's back, and let her ride a short distance, perhaps forty rods from the house, where he put her down and told her to run home. He noticed that the child was standing where he left her, and on looking back after going a little further saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight, and was gone about an hour, expecting, of course, that the child would return to the house after playing a few moments. On returning home he made inquiry about the child of its mother, who said she had not seen the child, and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he left her he saw huge bear tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bear. The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering their search very slow. All day these anxious parents searched for some trace of their child, nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods calling the child by her name. Morning came, and their search was fruitless. A couple of gentlemen looking at land came to the house, and being informed of the circumstance, immediately set out to help to find the child. The gentlemen wandered about, and as they were passing a swampy spot where the undergrowth was thick, they either called the child, or else were talking loud, when one of them heard the child's voice. He then called the child by name, and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her. The men then crept through the brush, and when near the spot where the child and bear were, they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her they found her standing upon a log extending about half way across the river. The bear had undertaken to cross the river on the log, and being closely pursued, left the child and swam away. She had received some scratches about her face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body, but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where, in taking hold of her clothes to carry her, he had taken the flesh also. The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest, and would put his nose up to her face, when she would slap him, and then the bear would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night, and she told them the old bear lay down beside her and put his "arms" around her and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. She was taken home to her parents.—*New York Times*.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT'S "LANTERNE."

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, in his *Lanterne* of Saturday, professes to have heard a rumour that M. Pinard, finding that his interdiction of the sale in the Boulevards kiosks and railway stations has only served to increase the circulation tenfold, now means to withdraw the prohibition in the hope that in obedience to the rule of contraries the public will cease to buy the turbulent opposition print when it may be more easily had. M. Rochefort, from the pinnacle of his extraordinary success, looks down scornfully upon M. Pinard's "stamp," which, he says, may be clean enough for him, but after the sanction it has given to the sale of many filthy and abominable works, is too dirty for any decent book "until it gets a good washing with soft soap." For himself he distinctly declines the privilege assumed to be proffered. Of course he cannot prevent the street vendors from selling his pamphlet if they obtain government permission; but by refusing to allow them any discount he may make it next to impossible for them to sell at a profit, and so may continue to keep the stimulating flavour of forbidden fruit for the little red book which terribly stains the hands this hot weather, and is every Saturday morning seen in the hands, or sticking out of the side pockets of almost every other person you meet on the Boulevard des Italiens.

Here is another remark of the *Lanterne*, which will give an idea of the style of opposition now possible under the new press law:—

"It is announced that a history of Charlemagne by Napoleon III. will shortly appear. We should greatly like to see a history of Napoleon III. written by Charlemagne."

The following is the concluding paragraph:—

"The twenty-fourth volume of the correspondence of Napoleon I. is just out. Ye ingenious souls who yet believe in the 'noble défilé of the diadem' read these letters, and if they do not completely cure you, your respectful monomania must be radically past help. There in a course of Italian policy you will see how kisses are sent to sovereigns whom it is intended to dethrone a week later. You will see how official journalists are treated by monarchs whom they are simple enough to serve. And, finally, you will see what fantastic capers a human being may be brought to by the epilepsy of power. And only to think that this is the correspondence of a man to whom it was agreed to award the epithet 'Great.' What shall be said of monarchs who have merited the surname of 'Little?'"

AUSTRALIAN MEAT FOR THE MILLION.—A private letter from Maryboro', Queensland, contains the following:—"I have just paid a visit, with the managing partner, to the great boiling-down establishment. It is about eight miles from this town, on a bend of the river Mary, and in a pretty part of the bush—up and down steep hills, between trees, till the boiling-down place lies before you in a cleared space of land. It is a very extensive establishment, with 100 men employed, and their houses form a small village. Sometimes they kill and boil down 1,400 or 1,600 head of cattle per month. These they buy and kill as soon as they arrive, as they do not fatten or kill their own beasts. The killing is a very simple process, for after the requisite number are driven into the yard a man up above on a staging walks round and thrusts a sharp, flat-edged spear through the spinal cord, just behind the horns, and the beast falls as though shot. I think it must be much in the same way that the matador kills the bulls in Spain. This being over, the boiling down commences. How the extract is made is a secret, and no one is ever admitted into the room where this is done. About forty pounds of meat make one pound of extract, so it is naturally rather expensive. I was allowed to go into one room where strangers are seldom taken; and in this the extract came hot and of a very light colour through pipes leading from the secret room above. It looked just like beef tea, and was very nice to the taste, but in that condition it would not keep for two hours, so something is done which alters it before it is ready for shipping, which gives it a darker colour and a less delicate flavour. It is sent to England in large tin cylinders, and not in those little pots in which it is sold there. Every part of the bullock is made use of. The fat is made into tallow; oil is made from the feet; whilst the skin, hair, and horns are sold. There is a large room for smoking the tongues, and the refuse meat is given to the pigs, which animals, instead of being eaten, are boiled down for lard. It is a very complete establishment, and there has been a large outlay on plant and machinery. I am told there is no extract of meat made anywhere else, except in South America; but as it is there made from wild bulls the flesh is not nearly so good, and the extract consequently poorer."

GREY or faded hair restored to the original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

LITERATURE.

AN UNKNOWN POEM OF MILTON'S.

As all our readers now know, Professor Henry Morley has had the rare good fortune to find an unpublished poem by John Milton. It was found in the British Museum, in a copy of the edition of Milton's English and Latin Poems printed in 1645; being an addition in MS. apparently in the poet's autograph. The poem, for a transcript of which we are indebted to Professor Morley, is an epitaph, and reads as follows:—

AN EPITAPH.

He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay,
Has left some reliques in this Urne
As a pledge of his returne.
Meanwhile y^e Muses doe deplore
The losse of this their paramour
Whom he sported ere y^e day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his laies
And puts on cypress for his bayes;
The sacred sisters tune their quills
Onely to y^e blubbering rills,
And whilst his doome they thinke upon
Make their owne teares their Helicon,
Leaving y^e two-topt Mount divine
To turne votaries to his shrine.
Think not (reader) one less blest
Sleeping in this narrow cist
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tombe makes happy yⁿ
That Bee was happier far yⁿ men
Who busy in y^e thymie wood
Was fettered by y^e golden flood
Whereto y^e Amber-weeping Tree
Distilleth downe so plenteously;
For so this little wanton Elf
Most gloriously enshrin'd itselfe
A tombe whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulcher.
In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here entrust.
Whilst my more pure and nobler part
Lyes entomb'd in every heart.
Then pass on gently y^e y^e mourner,
Touch not this mine hallow'd Urne
These Ashes wch doe here remaine
A vitall tincture still retain;
A seminall forme within y^e deepe
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thred of life untwisted is
Into its first existencies
Infant Nature cradled here
In its principles appeare:
This plant the entered into dust
In its Ashes rest it must
Untill sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softning and stiffick (*) fire
And in her foet'ring armes enfold
This Heavy and this earthly mould:
Then, as I am Ile be no more
But bloome and blossome b...
When this cold nummes shall retreat
By a more yⁿ Chymich heat.

J. M. Ober 1647.

The Earl of Winchelsea maintains that the poem bears no evidence of Milton's authorship. His lordship dissects the production, and criticises it almost line by line. One part is voted "bathos;" another "rubbish;" in a third "there is a crumb of comfort for the poor rhymesters of the nineteenth century;" a fourth "smacks of filling a gap in a tenth-rate copy of verses." Assuming its authenticity, Lord Winchelsea maintains that Milton "must have been very old and very ill" when he commenced this poem, but towards the end he must certainly have gone what is vulgarly called "off his head." Upon no other principle could he have perpetrated such a "jumble from Bedlam" as the last lines. The assistant keeper of printed books at the British Museum says the poem is subscribed with the initials "P. M.," and not "J. M.," and that, moreover, the handwriting is not Milton's.

Mr. Hain Friswell, on the other side says:—The initial lines seems to me noble; they are presumed, of course, to be inscribed on a funeral urn:—

"He whom Heaven did call away,
Out of this hermitage of clay,
Hath left some reliques in this urne
As a pledge for his return."

These verses are quite as good as those on the Countess of Winchelsea, and this epitaph presents the internal evidence of close parallels, which Lord Winchelsea has entirely overlooked. These parallel passages have been placed in my hands by Dr. Ingley, and could be very considerably added to. For instance, Lord Winchelsea objects to the line

"The sacred sisters tune their quill,"
as non-Miltonic, but in "Lycidas" (Milton) we have the same word used to the same rhyme.

"Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills."
In Milton's "Epitaph on Shakespeare," which have been universally praised, we have—

"Or that his hallow'd reliques should lie hid,
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid."

In the newly-discovered poem we have—

"Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid."

In the poem "Which from the amber-weeping tree,"—in "Lycidas," "the amber-dropping tree," l. 863. In the poem "The thred of life untwisted is"—in "L'Allegro."

"Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul."

In the poem again we meet with this image, much objected to by Lord Winchelsea—

"Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The losse of this their paramour."

And in the sublime hymn on Christ's Nativity—

"It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour."

I will spare your readers a dozen other parallels, only observing that if this poem is not Milton's, the plagiarist must indeed have been impudent.

One word more upon the signature. I send you a facsimile of the initials, which strike some as "J. M.," and others as "P. M." Unfortunately, unless we obliterate the Museum stamp, we shall never be able authoritatively to pronounce which it is. Let me

* Producer of first causes.

conclude by thanking the gentlemen at the Museum for their extreme politeness in affording me an opportunity of carefully examining the new discovery, and for their attempts to elucidate the many difficulties connected with it. I believe that, when minuter and calmer criticism is brought to bear on this matter, that the public will thank Professor Morley for the happy discovery of an exquisite poem by Milton, which but for his industry, might have lain *perdu* for another 200 years.

Mr. Rye gives a flat contradiction of the authenticity of the poem; Mr. Morley is by no means shaken in his opinion. The poem "is in Milton's style, it speaks his mind, and contains touches worthy of him;" but it may possibly have been transcribed by another hand. As to the signature "P. M." or "J. M." there appear to be weighty reasons for believing the latter was intended, the Museum stamp having confused the lines of the letter J, and made it appear fainter than the succeeding letter. Archdeacon Denison also has written on the same subject, ridiculing Lord Winchelsea's criticism.

Professor Masson says that the lines in question have been known to him for a considerable time; and in May, 1866, he took a copy of them from the volume where Mr. Morley has also found them. He is sceptical as to the handwriting being Milton's. If it be, then the lines must be Milton's also; but, though there are pretty touches in them, there is nothing specially Miltonic in the whole.

"La Corte: Letters from Spain, 1863 to 1866." By a Resident there. (Saunders, Otley & Co.)

The licentiate Geronimo de Quintana, 240 years ago, published an elaborate history of "the very ancient, noble and crowned city of Madrid," and as he was born there and pardonably pre-judiced in favour of his Alma Mater, he may reasonably be forgiven for tracing her antiquity back to a date preceding that of Romulus and Remus, and also for calling her "happy fortress and country of kings, seat and throne of the Cortes, prosperous and common stage of all the kingdoms, head of the most powerful and extended empire of the world, mother of all nations, and centre of all Spain," &c. &c. He then proceeds to tell the reader that the original Madrid was surrounded by forest and pasture-lands, the arms of the city being a bear climbing the trunk of a strawberry tree. The bear and the arbutus have long since disappeared, the one before the march of civilisation, and the other was fuel to cook the Madrilenos' olla, leaving the Madrid of to-day an exotic city in a desert, containing nearly 300,000 inhabitants, and enjoying a reputation for salubrity of "three months' winter and nine months' inferno." "La Corte," the title chosen for this book led us to expect some thrilling revelations, new and startling. Four years' residence and a woman's wit could surely collect fact, fiction, and scandal enough to fill a stout octavo with readable matter; but after perusal we are compelled to confess that all is barren and such as has been told a dozen times before. We may say, in the words of the Preface, "Why add to their number?" a book of letters written "originally without the most distant thought of future publication."

Madrid is not an inviting city for a foreigner; a good deal of real enthusiasm is necessary to carry you through, and the Picture Gallery, which is really a feature, seems to have had less charm for our fair author than a trot on a high stepper up and down the Prado. She calls the late John Phillip Phillips, and uses a Spanish word signifying a candle, a watchman and a ship's main-sail, when she wishes to convey the idea of a young lady's head-dress.

SPANISH WOMEN.

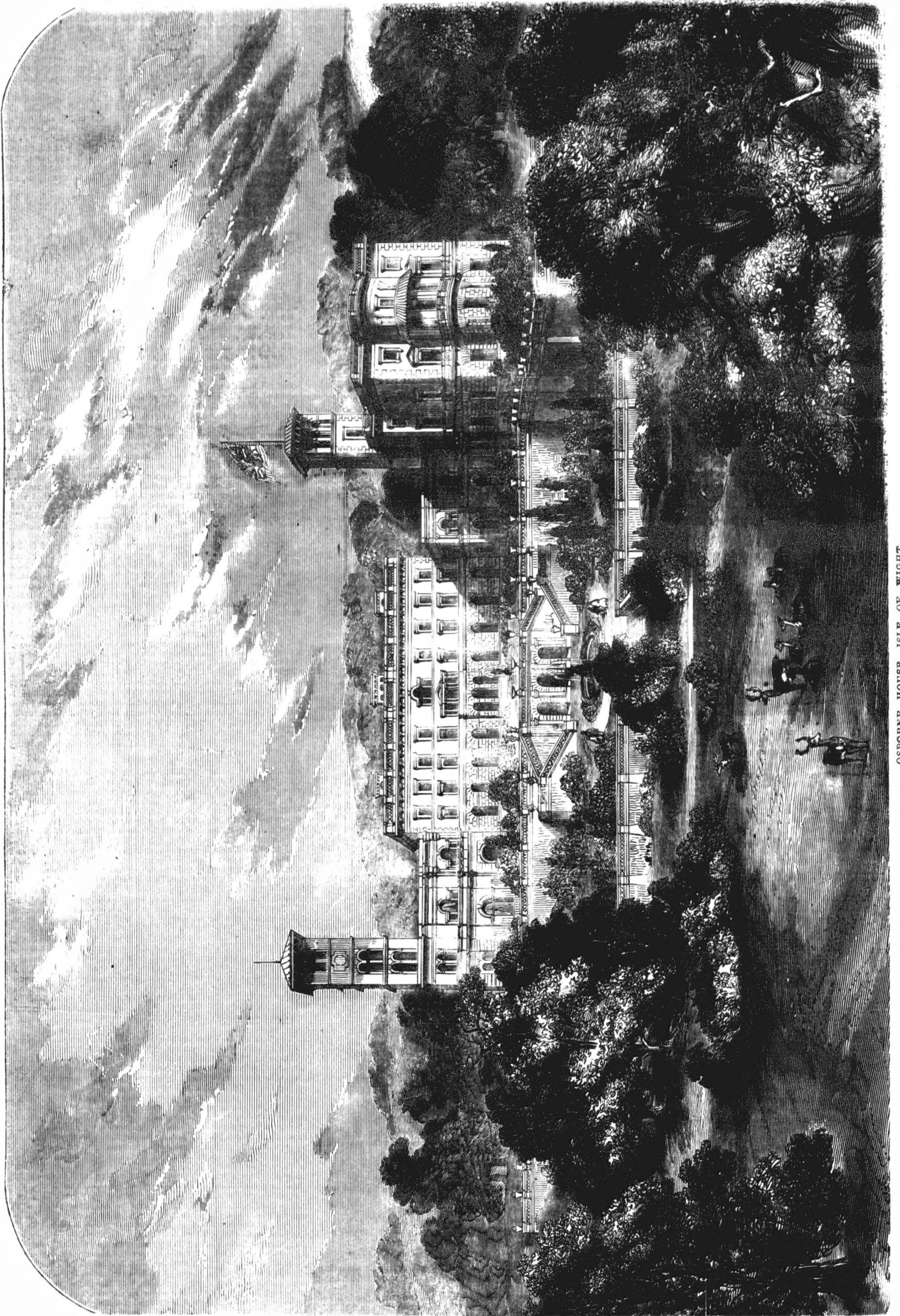
Of course, Spanish women are superficial, and gossip soft nothings; their *tertulias* to a hungry man are shams of sugar-and-water, in place of musty fowls, lobster salads, and gluey jellies; still it is their custom, and a gossip about nothing in particular, which requires little or no thought to carry on, is not to be despised in hot weather, especially if some of the party are pretty. Will anything ever supersede that unique book—"un pzo de erudicion" (a well of erudition) as we heard an educated Spaniard once designate it? Of course, in some parts Ford is out of date; he left the classic land in 1828, and never set foot upon its soil after. His Toryism is so harmless and transparent, and his information so varied, conscientious, and valuable, that we confess to being very proud of our Ford.

MADRID.

MADRID, like other great cities, is infested by an undergrowth of blackguardism ready with knife and gun for any atrocity; once loose it is difficult to muzzle it again. But the barricades seem to have been sorry affairs, and nothing serious was attempted. Whether it was wise to declare a state of siege and imprison and export men because they were liberals may be doubted; but there is a strong undergrowth of socialism in Spain which retards progress wonderfully. Still, we may hope that education will gradually rectify this. Meanwhile, thanks to Senor Gayangos and other literary spirits, Madrid has its Society of Bibliophiles, which publishes scarce books, and its Whig and Tory "Monthly Reviews in buff and blue covers," so that the "materials for knowledge" are ready, if the people care to use them. Speaking of the cholera, which, in 1865, decimated the population of Madrid, our fair Amazon says:—"The Prado was utterly deserted, we used not to see a soul when we were riding; and the streets were almost equally so. In the Puerta del Sol, where you can generally scarcely push your way through the crowds on the pavement, there were scarcely a dozen people to be seen, and the cafes were left empty at night. Some persons behaved most nobly, forming themselves into societies for visiting and tending the sick. I heard one of one priest who went into a wretched cellar and found a poor child in all the agonies of cholera, while his father and mother lay dead beside him; after trying in vain for some time to bring warmth into the poor little body, he got into the miserable bed, and took the child into his arms, and so saved his life."

MOSQUITOES IN ENGLAND.—Woolwich is at the present time suffering from a visitation, viz., the appearance of thousands of musquitos, which have been imported on the rigging of ammunition vessels from Bermuda and other military stations where the musquito abounds. There is scarcely a man, woman, or child out of the 8,000 inhabitants of the locality, who has not been bitten and disfigured. Their sting pierces through ladies' dresses, stockings, and other portions of wearing apparel, the swelling and irritation lasting four or five days. In some instances the stings have been so numerous in the case of children as to endanger life. The excessive heat being favourable for their development and propagation, the mosquitoes are daily increasing in numbers, and threaten to become a local calamity, which nothing but a change in the weather is likely to remove. In the event of the dry and hot weather continuing and an east wind setting in, it is probable the metropolis will be visited by the objectionable strangers.

DOGGING A FENIAN INFORMER.—On the last day during the past week that Cooke, alias Williamson, was before the magistrate at Bow-street on a charge of treason-felony, Corydon, the Fenian informer, at the conclusion of the case drove from the court in a cab, accompanied by a detective charged with "taking care" of him. Immediately afterwards a young man hailed another cab in Bow-street, and, having entered it, directed the driver to follow the one in which Corydon was seated. The cautious detective, who was the companion of the latter, had not proceeded far before he perceived his cab was being followed. He got out without delay, and having stopped the other cab, questioned, cautioned, and searched the young man, but found nothing upon him that would justify his detention. In the meantime Corydon left his cab and slipped away, to the astonishment of the detective. The whole affair happened so quickly that it attracted the attention of but few of the passers-by.



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



R.H.H. PRINCESS ALICE OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

Our Little Village.

THE STORY OF AN ACCIDENTAL DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Rev. Martin Cuthbert, proud and high as he lived, was but a poor mortal—so awkward as to be almost paralysed; he could barely see, and he was even scrofulic, they said. Yet his pride was so very high as to have led to that remark which was reported by that stuck-up son of his at the Grammar School.

In the pulpit the Rev. Martin had always had a lamentably unhappy way of making his parishioners singularly uncomfortable. In the first place, he would refer to the remotest of the prophets. Habakkuk, for example, and narratives of that holy man's profound days were perpetually dropping from his lips; then, again, people were at a loss to know what it was all about, and the old ladies were especially terrified and contrite, being under the impression that they had been inattentive, when our vicar suddenly broke down under his own eloquence and wept.

"This flues I," once said a rustic when our vicar, so to speak, rent his clothes one fine morning. "As for I"—said an old antique—"I know no more, nor why, nor where, nor Jericho."

Indeed it must be deplorably admitted that all the point of discourses the vicar had to himself, and very thoroughly did that person appreciate our clergyman's sermons.

I take it our vicarage is not worth more than £150 a year, hence when it is stated that the vicar lived in style, thought so highly of himself, and walked so grandly, if awkwardly—he possessed private means. He had plenty, and it is but justice to say that after his perversion he expended them on the church.

He it was who put the largest sums towards our restoration—he proposed the symbolic pavements, and he also it was who appealed to our parochial passions to fill the church with stained glass. Our vicar it was who said a stained glass window raised to the memory of a dead relative was an act of grace before him to grace whom was to live for ever. He it was who proposed that the subject of the window should be that saint whose name the deceased and commemorated party had borne, and he it was who raised up said Peter in our church to the memory of his great grandfather.

But in spite of all the memorial windows, and the processions, and the grand cloth on the communion table, and the white choristers, whom, it is only honest to state, our vicar chiefly supported, we never had any doubt of our vicar because he was so horribly bitter against the Romans; the frightful names he called the Pope led to the impression that "parson ud taken to evil speakin." He would not admit one fraction of nobility in popery, and when he was specially referring to it he always placed that faith below the Feejee mode of worship. Hence the general conclusion that though the conduct of the vicar was unusual, still nothing was to be feared, and all these changes did no harm if they did no good.

The vicar always kept a curate, but the curate was the one who of course followed the vicar, when the vicar "began," as we termed it. Indeed this minister began to wear such a queer dress as to call forth the disrespectful shouts of the simple villagers of the younger kind on his first appearance. There was no curve about him, his coat went down straight—so did his hair—his face was clean shaved—his waistcoat buttoned right up to his throat, as though he had something to hide, and over the top of it came and hung down two little mathematical muslin bands. He was single; and he spoke soft like a woman. As for his gown, Pilkington never before saw such a mean, ill-cut, starved piece of drapery before. The bucolic satires thereupon were immense—some said the tailor must have been all cabbage, and others said harder things still, but it is my private impression that the curate, Rev. Japeth Bonaz, rather liked the persecution than not.

But the result of the whole business was certainly this. That though we were quite simply sure our vicar was safe from Rome, people began not to care about him, and in spite of the heartiest endeavours, they began to look upon him as a stranger—indeed he made himself so doleful as to be unwholesome. It was only after the visit of that jolly Romanist priest that we began to think all was not right. This gentleman, being very far from polemical, had come down to pay a very jolly, generous, and well-enlightened farmer townsman of ours a visit—townsman, a good but broad Protestant.

Naturally the visitor wanted to see the church. Naturally Robin Bayerly took him to the building.

"You're trotting on," said the unpolished priest.

"Trotting, where Frank?" said Bayerly, for he had known the other when they were boys.

"Oh, to the scarlet lady, as you call her."

"The vicar would turn scarlet to hear you say so. Why, Sir, no man raps away at St. Peter harder than he."

"Ah!—then that's the reason, I suppose, he has put in that

Peter window in the chancel? We shall have you all before long."

"You'll have enough to do, Frank, to keep us, then; but as for the St. Peter—well, if we are to go over to you—why there's St. Peter ready for you?"

"Go to, Robin—but what does the singing mean?"

"The boys practicing."

"Yes, and particularly bad singing, too. Where are they?"

"In the vestry."

"Hum—no expression. Well, I think, Robin Bayerly, you'll admit we manage the singing part of the business better than you."

"I shall never admit anything to you, you Jesuit you, or you'll make me admit all."

"Then that proves I am right, Robin."

"No, not so, Frank—as we used to call you;—for I am willing to admit that the sophistry of many hundreds of years, piled up by many great intellects, may beat the common sense of a common man in a mere argument."

"But if you admit you are beat you are beaten."

"My boy, the devil's no fool."

"That's clear, friend Robin, or he'd no have thee in his clutches so tight; but let's look in the vestry at the boys singing."

The visitor just looked in, and then came grinning back.

"Why, who is it teaching them?"

Now "it" was the Rev. Japeth Bonaz in full costume.

"Who? why, the curate?"

"Then, I tell thee what, Robin, he will pass muster for a brother of the oratory in the brightest day sent by the blessed Virgin out of heaven. I think I'll send to Rome to have prayers offered up for Pilkington."

It was from this time that our vicar began to fall in our estimation, whereupon he preached harder against Rome than before.

Now, Winny Marken, the stoutest-hearted and bravest of girls, was too English not to be sorry at the division between the minister and his flock. She had joined heartily in the vicar's freaks, believing in her simplicity that it was all honest; and she of her own accord had got up a fund, which she called "The Dasher," for the express purpose of paying for a dasher window in the restoration, and the end was, that as Winny sat in her mother's pew, or rather, the pew in which she and her mother sat, the light which fell on her young head came through the "dasher" window, which, as it was the result of young lady combination, had been, at the suggestion of the vicar, filled with "St. Catherine and her Wheel," after Raffaele.

But Winney was honest cherub for all the window; and when

Winnie made up Winnie's mind, nobody could successfully essay an amendment; so behold Winnie, mounted milk white cob, and was in such a hurry to reach the vicar's as nearly to upset handsome Miss Herriest into a ditch.

As Gertrude and Winnie rode along there was plenty of difference between the girls. Gertrude was decidedly the handsome girl: golden hair and blue eyes, white skin and lithe form, are too rare that they at any time should play second in a game at beauty.

But be in the company of the two girls for a couple of minutes, and you would not have preferred Gertrude; for her eyes, her hair, her complexion, and her form were all her merchandise, and a very capital "all" certainly, but buyers will perversely go round the market.

Now, as for Winnie, she was not intensely handsome; but she was a perfect personification of that unparalleled adjective "bonny." It was not that her eyes were gentle and dashing at the same moment, it was not that her skin was a dark brown, that her hair was dark brown too; it was the "way" of the girl: the heartiness, the desire to please for pleasing's sake, the utter absence of any desire to show; that something which made even milk-white Cob to adore his mistress, and come to her without the humiliating form of oats, which made that equine sagacity prick up his ears and switch his tail as Miss Herriest's pony never did.

How was it such lots of men fell in love with Winnie? How was it Miss Herriest only had numberless admirers? Men fêted Gertrude, but they confided in Winnie.

As for her, she refused everybody. "It's no use," she would say, "I must be master, and so you'd better go."

Truly Miss Herriest had offers too; men could not help themselves as they saw her ravishing little *airs de coquette*, but Miss Herriest did not refuse with a pleasant laugh, which left her and her admirers friends. She scornfully denied, and the men went away crimson and raging.

They were not a bit rivals, the two girls; for Winnie was too brave and open to envy a younger girl than herself, and as it is impossible to quarrel without two parties at least to the difference, why, Winnie and Gertrude were really friends.

Let me see, how far have I diverged from the real action? Ah! "Come, turn that pony's head; come along, two women can overcome even a vicar any day."

"Two women," said Winnie, and so I report it, though she was but eighteen, and Gertrude a year younger.

Winnie took the initiative at the vicar's bell, and rung that blatant tintinabulator fearlessly and loudly.

To that summons answered a page with the general vicarial appearance—the perpendicular black order of dress.

This doleful youth preceded the girls to a morning-room, enclosed them in a moment, and then went away as silent as though shod with pillows, to confess, so to speak, the arrival.

The vicar's quite came to meet the young people, and was as gracious as April. Winnie, in sitting down, took great care to turn away from a rather unusual chimney ornament for an Englishman's drawing-room. This was a brazen cross, which had been found under the floor of a small out-building attached to the church, and which our vicar said had possibly been deposited in that spot when the unhappy Roman people had to flee.

"What glorious weather," said Winnie.

"Oh, very," said Mrs. Cuthbert; "this is just such weather as my brother the bishop likes."

"Indeed!" said Winnie.

"Indeed!" said Miss Herriest.

"Yes, my brother the bishop says—he was always so original—says, when the sun is out, nature seems quite to shine, you know."

"Indeed!" said Winnie.

"Indeed!" said Miss Herriest.

"Yes, as the bishop says, *semper nil*—but I really cannot remember what my brother the bishop actually did say. And how is that dear mother of yours, Miss Winnie, and yours, too, Miss Herriest, and your admirable papa?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Miss Winnie, after answering Miss Herriest's appealing look, and in the dear old way she says, "that the greatest, and the highest pleasure she has is to pay Mrs. Cuthbert a visit."

"The vicar will soon be here; he usually meditates of a morning in the shrubbery. He says the green accords with—ah! that reminds me. I feel sure your dear mamma would like a present of our cauliflowers. I will induce John to carry them down; the poor fellow is very weak—the vicar thinks him in a consumption; but he is so full of grace—he never smiles."

"Oh, never mind; I can carry them home, though it is a shame to deprive you of them."

"Oh, no deprivation; and that minds me, how is old Mrs. Pringle?"

"Oh, we have had such fun with old Mrs. Pringle. We gave her some capital vermicelli soup—you know, mamma will make soup all the year round—and the next day she came and said she hoped mamma would excuse her, but it was full of what it should not have been. Mamma insisted upon knowing what, and out it came at last: full of jumpers—the vermicelli, you know. Wasn't it capital? I did laugh so; and when I told old Clovelly—Mrs. Clovelly sends her respects to you and the vicar, Mrs. Cuthbert—I really thought that woman of ours would have wrenched off all her back hair, she was so horribly enraged."

"Ah, my dear, that is one of the minor miseries you must endure in a weary world, as my dear brother the bishop would say. He has gone to Brighton, but then, he has everything that riches can yield. As my dear brother the bishop would say, *semper*—but here comes the vicar; he has meditated too long. He looks cold."

And indeed he felt cold as Winnie took his hand.

The usual greetings past, Miss Winnie bluntly said, "Miss Herriest and I have come to have some talk with you."

"With me, especially? The minister of a parish can have no greater pleasure than conversing with a member of his flock."

"But I want to speak to you about the church, and of you, and all that."

"Certainly," said the vicar, a slight blush overspreading his pale face; but I would rather hear you separately. My dear," to his wife, "you will leave us alone."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Cuthbert; and besides, I have quite a long letter to write to my brother the bishop. I'm sure I shall tell him this is very nice weather."

"Oh, glorious weather," said Winnie, who did not feel a bit afraid; and the next moment she, Miss Herriest, who was paler than usual, and the vicar, were alone.

"Mr. Cuthbert, now I do hope whatever comes of this, you will feel sure that I respect you and your cloth."

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Herriest, who heartily wished herself on her pony's back, and galloping away.

"The 'St. Catherine' is a sure and a noble evidence," said Mr. Cuthbert, "that you and Miss Herriest respect the cloth to which I belong—respect the church to which I belong—that you respect me personally."

"Mr. Cuthbert, you know how I love to speak out plainly."

"I know."

"Then you must be aware that the parish do not like you as they used to do."

"I am aware my parishioners do not like me, as they used to do."

"Oh, yes," flung in Miss Herriest.

"No," said the minister.

"And, dear Mr. Cuthbert, there must be a reason for this."

"Yes—there must be a reason for this."

"And a very poor reason, sir; for I am sure you love them as much as you ever did, and it has always been much."

The weak gentleman was almost weeping as he said, "I have indeed loved them, Winnie Manken."

"Then, sir, how—how is it you are at variance with them?"

"As I said, there must be a cause."

"And you do not know it?"

"I know that they should love and respect me more than they did. I know that they love and respect me less. I know that they do not love me—I know that they are beginning to despise me."

"But the cause—the cause, dear Mr. Cuthbert."

"If the cause is my increase of grace—if the cause is my desire to save them from their apathy, then I know the cause."

"But—but, dear Mr. Cuthbert, might it not be probable that a minister could go the wrong way to work?"

"No man goes the wrong way to work when he is quite sure he is right. I am told that many men at about my time of life have a religious access which is not healthy—if this is my religious access, I say that it is healthy—that it is right—that it is a mercy. If—if you have come deputed from my flock, say when you return that I do not fear them. I know my duty, and I will perform it."

"No, you are wrong. I am no deputation, and Miss Herriest will confirm me; but I come, hoping as I am a little liked by you and by those of whom you have been speaking, that perhaps I could bring about an understanding; for I am sure there is no real difference between you, and we are all making for the same goal, only by different paths."

"Mine, I know, lies through a dark valley; but I see the light, Winnie Manken."

"And we know you do, dear friend; but—but why not try to propitiate your people?"

"And defy my master?"

"No, serve him. Shall I tell you the whole truth?"

"You would not, surely, dare to lie to me, your pastor—your guide!"

"Nay, do not speak so hastily, Mr. Cuthbert, there is no need. To be plain, then—for I am a little hurt. The people about say you are Romanizing us. This is not so, I know; but if the townsfolk believe this, and if you will not undeceive them, you tacitly admit you are; you are turning from us."

The minister's arms were awkwardly convulsed as he said, with much hesitation. Tell them I hate Rome. Have I not ever said I hate Rome? Rome! I abhor her. I would destroy her; but—"

"But, Sir."

"Take heed how you condemn the true grain as the useless chaff. Much of Rome is true nourishing corn. Who am I to dare to reject it because it is hidden in the worthless husks? Shall not rather I be typical of him who rubbed the corn from the husk? Shall not I ever seek the truth and the Christ?"

"Mr. Cuthbert!"

Unheeding her expression, and walking quickly yet awkwardly up and down the room, he continued—

"Are we not moved by grandeur, in nature, in man? Then why shall not grandeur be present in our religion? Nature is truth—that which is truth is God—so grandeur is God. And—why should not man unburden his sins to his fellow man? Am I not confessing to you? Am I not unburdening myself? Do I not weep tears of relief as I speak to you? How dare you say I am wrong—have I sinned greatly that you all despise me? Are you aware that you despise the living truth?"

"Oh, Mr. Cuthbert—Mr. Cuthbert—how you pervert our meaning!"

"Our, then you think with the rest."

"I think, dear friend, that you might be one of us, and yet be as good and noble as I know you are."

"I do not love idolatry. Have I not ever cried down the worshippers of stones and golden images? Have I not ever placed that religion below the theology of the savage? Why then am I oppressed, derided, mocked?"

"Mr. Cuthbert, I am simply a young girl, desirous of doing right and doing good, endeavouring to be cheerful and hopeful, as God's earth always is, and willing to see the best side of everything; but, but I feel you are wrong. You must be wrong; you know, sir, we are but human, and man is prone to err, and is it not wrong to give our inmost souls to a man's keeping? Power leads to tyranny, and even you might become a tyrant. I take it, sir, our English clergymen should rather be the friends of their people than their pastors and masters—better leave that to the older church. You know I feel that if I told you all my secrets—if I knew that I was no longer self-dependent, self-reliant—I know I should fall into a listless, hopeless woman, quite different to what I am now. I feel I should look upon the earth as a mere tomb; that I should imagine laughter to be a sin; and, oh, I should die if I were to come to this. Do, do, do try to think that the English minister should strive to be the simple undesigning friend of his flock, setting them a good example, rather than their governor and director, giving them harsh precepts, and remaining shut-up within themselves."

To all of which the minister answered:—

"You are not what I am, you cannot think and know as I think and know. I have prayed an age. I know my duty. I will do it."

"Well," said Mrs. Cuthbert coming into the room at the crisis, "I've finished my letter to my—goodness gracious me, Mr. Cuthbert, what is the matter?"

"I am very weary and sick, wife. I wish you would lead me to a chair."

Winnie immediately ran to him, and led him to a seat.

"Oh, how I wish you would make an effort," she said, but he only shook his head.

"Well, really, Mr. Cuthbert, if you are ill, too, I don't know what I shall do, there's that poor boy, John, he was all tears directly I proposed his carrying the cauliflowers, so, Miss Winnie, you must carry them yourself."

One minute more and Winnie had very heartily shaken the hand of the vicar, and she and Miss Herriest were on their animals.

"Well," said Miss Herriest, "of all the scenes I ever beheld I thought I never saw anything more preposterous in the whole course of my life than the vicar jerking about and crying like a child, and you acting really like tragedy, and then for Mrs. Cuthbert to come in with those ridiculous vegetables."

"Bother the vegetables," said Winnie, flinging the parcel over the parapet of the bridge they were crossing. "I wish that man could as easily get rid of his fancies, he will lead us a very pretty dance. I'm very glad we're out of the house; I was nearly stifled."

"Dear me, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry until Mrs. Cuthbert sailed in. I NEVER saw anything so preposterous, and to see you with them tucked under your arm. I never did."

"Yes, Gertrude, and pray don't tell anybody anything about it, it will only do the poor man harm, and can't do him any good. I really thought his poor heart would break. How vexatious it all is. How we've galloped. Poor Cob is all of a smoke. Here comes my boy up the lane. What a pleasure it is to see him after that vexatious John at the vicarage. That John gives me the horrors. How horribly vexed I am. Now don't tell anybody anything about it. And I am sure Gerty you won't when I tell you it would be cowardly to say anything. Good-bye."

The next moment Winnie was off Cob's back and patting that quadruped, while Gerty was a score of yards off.

In spite of all of which cautions the remorseless Miss Moggitt knew all about it by five, and grasping her relentless old baggy umbrella, at half-past she sailed forth and boxed the compass with the intelligence.

CHAPTER V.

GEORGE JEFFERSON, Mayor, was bumptious certainly, wherein witness the matter of the patronage of our half-and-half church, the one which is in a measure half let to paying tenants. How Jefferson had become possessed of the patronage of this living no one had ever very clearly learnt—even Lawyer Fetsum had not sufficiently analysed the affair to please himself, but certain it was that George Jefferson, Mayor, was patron of St. John's.

To prove this bumptiousness he had a fine opportunity when the restoration fever was at its full height. He availed himself of the chance. George was suddenly struck with an idea, had an architect down from town, treated him with hospitality, drank and winked wine with him that very night, talked next morning over St. John's, and by that night was so learned in the laws of confine lines, *apropos* to the difference between the arch of the east window and the chancel arch, that he might have been supposed an amateur Ruskinite. Then came an east window through which various irreverent people in the back yards had assisted at the Communion from time immemorial, and up went rich stained glass which shut out the irreverents for good. St. John in red and blue on one side counter-balanced St. Paul in green and crimson on the other, and altogether we were perfect when we got the Georgius Jefferson and a full inscription in which he figured as "patronus" at the foot of the restoration.

To be sure Lawyer Fetsum dug a little cold water, by means of Miss Moggitt, on the reality, by saying there ought to have been St. Jack and St. Gil as well, and that the inscription ought to have been touching gorgeous Jeffersonius, but we found out Fetsum had stolen his gorgeous idea, so having failed he was naturally scoffed at.

The belfry of St. John's had but one bell—the curfew bell before mentioned, and truly had the restoration been completed, and George knew where to stop. When all the Rev. Dick Proddam's boys were privileged to ring that bell as near cracking point as it would go. And in consequence of George Jefferson, mayor, himself.

For the incumbency of St. John's becoming vacant, and the patronage falling into the hands of George, he received a visit from the Rev. Dick Proddam, having for its aim the purchase of the living.

"I tell thee what, lad," said Georgius Jeffersonius, "thee shall hev it; and thee shall find thee pus none the lighter for it."

Have I not said Georgius Jeffersonius was liberal? So the Rev. Mr. Proddam's pupils had a holiday on the strength of the presentation, and the bell was jangled as noted.

But Mr. Proddam coming in for St. John's, the quiet grinder of the classics, who had satisfied master and even pupils for some years, was degraded, and a gentleman fresh from Oxford was announced as about to arrive to assist Mr. Proddam in his clerical as well as scholastic duties.

Jefferson clearly thought he had a right to have quite an interest in Mr. Proddam; hence, when the new minister and teacher arrived, he considered himself privileged to patronise that individual, and he did.

Coming home, he immediately began to speak of the arrival.

"Hum," said the mayor to his wife and daughter, "Figgins."

"Mr. Jefferson!" said Mrs. Jefferson; for "Figgins" smacked of the deserted shop and ante-carriage times.

"Well, I tell thee, wife, he's as handsome a lad, and as—as fine a lad as you'll see in a day's walk; though as for you, lass, you need not look so perky about it."

"Mrs. Jefferson," said the partner of his yellow carriage, "Mr. Jefferson, Esther is well enough."

"Well, well, lass, give me another cup of tea."

Now, Mrs. Bodderly had a mania for new people. She would flash up new acquaintances even if she dropped them again directly, and she would have unhesitatingly dropped people had they been china if they exhibited the least social flaw.

Hence when Mrs. Bodderly heard of the new arrival she ordered a new dress, and prepared to give a party.

Then she called upon Mrs. Proddam incontinent; indeed, Mrs. Proddam was inundated with visitors consequent upon Mr. Geoffrey Walter's advent.

The reverend teacher was happily in the way, and Mrs. Bodderly was in a position to declare that when she got to the door, he (Mr. Walters) must have been holding a skein of silk for the fair unwinding of—of Mrs. Dick Proddam.

When Mrs. Bodderly was of a pleasant plain way introduced to Mr. Walters, she was very gracious; and indeed, was able to carry away this intelligence, that there was a really handsome, if awkward man; that she could not tell if his eyes were blue or gray, and that he was coming to her evening.

Now, I have said Mrs. Bodderly belonged to the second set; but Esther Jefferson belonged to the fourth, the third being a terra incognita, hence it was clear Mrs. Bodderly could not invite her; therefore, Esther did not meet the Rev. Geoffrey at Bod's for the first time.

But the second set was divided against itself even, for some of its members lived under the suspicious weight of a retail trade in the second generation back, and the consequence was that Mrs. Bodderly who, as I have said, had, by audacity and impudence, got the entrée into our very first set, had to manage her circle so to speak.

She made up a party of a semi-circle of the set, the illustrious other half coming together on some other happy occasion.

The Rev. Jeffrey made no sensation by his entrance, for he came before anybody else—before the lamp even, which was a very distressing thing to Mrs. Bodderly, and which almost induced her to determine to drop him.

The party was a doleful one after all, for everybody had hoped it was an upper semicircle meet, whereas it was not. Miss Bellw was especially enraged, though as Mrs. Bodderly said when the friendship of herself and the Bellw felt prone to backbiting insult—how could the girl hope to be received in my upper, with that frightful thing of a jacket, why its all the same before and behind, and as for those vulgar bugles—their rattle would crisp the nerves of the Hon. Mrs. Maswoddery who comes from Quliton, though in reality the nerves of the woman are not to be shaken by thunder.

The party was a doleful party, every body ran down every body else, and that was all—nay, poor Mrs. Bodderly was squizzed within three inches of her blue moiré antique back.

As for Jeffrey, evidently from a state of English classical hermitage he was paralyzed.

Somehow, the conversation turned upon Esther and the scorn, the very name of that good tempered young lady had to endure was paralyzing—whether it was all to be attributed to the yellow carriage or not it is impossible to say, but no one said "Aye" for her.

Until at last Mr. Walters remarked, "The mayor himself, seems a very admirable gentleman—I should consequently say his daughter was really a lady."

Lady! gentleman! The grocer a gentleman! Why, he himself had never asserted such a thing. The announcement was received in the dearest silence, and Mrs. Bodderly's face assumed that expression, or rather the want of it, which Miss Moggitt has described as "petrified putty."

That one little sentence refrigerated the room, and every body went away quite early. Such a supposition as the mayor being a gentleman and his daughter a lady was indeed matter sufficient for gravity.

The very next day the Rev. Mr. Walters, being out taking a constitutional, met the mayor. This hearty fellow was quite glad to meet the master, and rather patronisingly walked by his side.

And behold, at a turn of the lane they came full upon Mrs. Bodderly.

Both gentlemen immediately raised their hats, and Mrs. Bodderly was so suddenly attacked that she had not time to assume the puffy petrification, which she declared to be short-sightedness, and the lady bowed—actually bowed—to the major, “the king,” as she ironically called him, “of Pilkington.”

The breeze always caught at Mrs. Bodderly's draperies, and flattered them so cruelly, that on this occasion she seemed one vast flutter, and she went home, so to speak, the head-quarters of all indignation.

Two very next night Mrs. Bodderly met Mr. Walters at Sir Thomas's.

“I trust,” said Mrs. Bodderly, graciously. “I trust you will not recognise me when you are walking with that individual. I cannot know that individual. I pray you will not recognise me when you are walking with that person, or I must cut you.”

Mrs. Bodderly ultimately detailed the circumstances to Miss Muggitt, who was her chattering out-pier, and the man looked at her like an ogre, which he was, and actually told her the mayor was a very worthy man.

“Ah!” said he, “I should respect him, if his father had been a mere scavenger.”

“Therefore,” said Mrs. Bodderly, “I have done with that ill-considered and ill-favoured young man. I can't stand that.”

And the consequence was that Pilkington ultimately came to the knowledge that the new teacher at the Grammar School and the Mayor were capital friends, because the mayor's father had known his father when he was a mere scavenger, you know.

But though Mrs. Bodderly cut the new preacher, and though Mrs. Bellow, whose income came no one knew whence, and who lived under the guardianship of her uncle, followed Mrs. Bodderly's suit, still this latter lady kept up such an unabating watch on Mr. Walters as should have begot some pride in him if he believed one hundred part as much in Mrs. Bodderly as that lady believed in herself.

(To be continued)

KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.

A HERO.

CAPTAIN MORRIS, commanding the 17th Lancers, was a fine and experienced soldier. He it was who besought Lord Cardigan to charge the Russian cavalry when they were in the hands of the Heavy Brigade. He led the 17th down the valley, and, in closing with the foe, ran his sword through a Russian officer. Unable to withdraw the blade, yet unwilling to relinquish it (we believe he had tied the sword to his wrist with a handkerchief) “it resulted that, though still in his saddle, he was tethered to the ground by his own sword-arm.” Mr. Kinglake follows up his adventures:—

“Whilst thus disabled, Morris received a sabre-cut on the left side of the head, which carried away a large piece of bone above the ear, and a deep, clean cut passing down through the acorn of his foraging cap, which penetrated both plates of the skull. By one or other of these blows he was felled to the ground, and for some time he lay without consciousness. As soon as he had regained his senses, he found himself lying on the ground; but his sword was once more in his power, for by some means (to him unknown) it had been withdrawn from the body which before held it fast, and, being joined to him still by the wrist-knot, was now lying close to his hand. He had hardly recovered his senses and the grasp of his sword, when he found himself surrounded by Cossacks thrusting at him with their lances. Against the numbers thus encompassing him Morris sought to defend himself by the almost ceaseless moulinet, or circling whirl of his sword, and from time to time he found means to deliver some sabre-cuts upon the thighs of his Cossack assailants. Soon, however, he was pierced in the temple by a lance-point, which splintered up a piece of the bone and forced it under the scalp. This wound gave him great pain; and, upon the whole, he believed that his life must be nearly at an end; but presently there appeared a Russian officer, who interposed with his sword, striking up two or three of the Cossack lances, and calling out loudly to Morris, with assurances that if he would surrender he should be saved. Accordingly Morris yielded up his sword, and became a prisoner of war.

When Captain Morris (unhorsed and grievously wounded) found himself surrounded by Russian dragoons, it was to an officer, as we saw, that he surrendered his sword. That officer, however, quickly disappeared, and then the Russian horsemen—Morris took them to be Cossacks—rushed in upon their prisoner, and not only robbed him of all he had about him, but convinced him by their manner and bearing that they were inclined to despatch him. Morris therefore broke away from them, and ran into the midst of the thickest smoke he could see. Then a riderless horse passing close to him, Morris caught at the rein, and was dragged by it a short distance, but afterwards fell and became unconscious. Upon regaining his senses Morris became aware of the presence of a Cossack, who seemed as though he had just passed him, but was looking back in a way that seemed to indicate that he had seen the English officer move, and would therefore despatch him. Morris gathered strength from the emergency, found means to get on his feet, and once more sought shelter in the thickest smoke near him. Whilst standing there, he found himself almost run down by another loose charger, but was able to catch hold of the horse's rein and to mount him. He turned the horse's head up the valley and rode as fast as he could; but just as he fancied he was getting out of the cross fire his new horse was shot under him, and fell with him to the ground, giving him a heavy fall, and rolling over his thigh. There, again, for some time, Morris was unconscious; and when he regained his senses he found that the dead horse was lying across his leg, and keeping him fastened to the ground. He then “set to work” to extricate his leg, and at length succeeded in doing so. Then getting on his feet, he ran on as well as he could, stumbling and getting up over and over again, but always taking care to be moving up hill; till at last, when quite worn out, he found himself close to the dead body of an English staff officer—the body, he presently saw, of his friend Nolan. Remembering that Nolan had fallen at a very early period in advance of the brigade, Morris inferred that he must be nearly within the reach of his fellow-countrymen; so, being now quite exhausted, he laid himself down beside the body of his friend, and again became unconscious. Besides the three deep, ugly wounds received in his head, Morris, in the course of these his struggles for life, had suffered a longitudinal fracture or split of the right arm, and several of his ribs were broken. There was a circumstance in the lives of Nolan and Morris which made it the more remarkable that the dead body of the one and the shattered frame of the other should be thus lying side by side. On the flank march, Morris and Nolan, who were great allies, had communicated to each other a common intention of volunteering for any special service that might be required in the course of the campaign, and they found that each of them, in anticipation of the early death that might result from such an enterprise, had written a letter which, in that event, was to be delivered. Morris had addressed a letter to his young wife. Nolan had addressed one to his mother. Under the belief that the opportunity for hazardous service of the kind they were seeking might be close at hand, the two friends had exchanged their respective letters, and now, when they lay side by side, the one dead and the other unconscious, each of them still had in his pocket the letter entrusted to him by the other. When Morris recovered his consciousness he found himself in an English hospital tent. Terribly as he had been wounded and shattered, he did not succumb.

THE GARDEN.

PLANT HOUSES.

STOVES properly so called, which have hitherto been kept rather close as regards the quantity of air afforded them, for the double purpose of keeping up a good maximum warmth and of retaining as great an amount of atmospheric moisture as possible, so as to induce the inmates to make good strong growths, may now, when this has been insured, be allowed more air for the purposes of hardening and well ripening off the wood: less humidity in the air, therefore, will suffice. Allow also rather more sunshine, both morning and afternoon, and so endeavour by every means at command to imitate nice autumnal weather, without which it is difficult to insure a good display of flowers during the ensuing spring and early summer months. In like manner a less amount of manure-water, or any other form of stimulant, must be allowed; the pots will have become, on account of their summer's growth, tolerably well filled with roots, hence no falling off in the supply of actual root-water afforded will be admissible. Indeed should bright sunny weather continue, it will be necessary at times to give even a larger supply than would be needful when there was less air and actual sunshine. Where camellias, and the like, which have set their bloom-buds for next year's display, are still retained indoors, be particular to afford abundance of night air. This will not only aid in deterring any further growth, but prove the best possible agent for bringing to good and perfect maturity the woods and buds which are formed. Continue to tie in all forward fuchsias as they have need of such assistance. Pinch others back which are intended for further growth and to bloom later. Others which are beginning to feel a little pot-bound, or have other restraint at the root, will be much benefited if a little manure water be given them at each alternate watering. Give cactaceae and balsams also a liberal supply of water when once fairly started to flower. Cape pelargoniums intended for early flowering next season should be cut down forthwith. Propagate those which it is desirable to perpetuate, or where a need exists of young stock. Choose the younger, least hardened, short-jointed roots, for the purposes of propagation. Continue to afford those cut down full exposure in the open air as long as heavy and too frequent rains do not occur. Upon the occurrence of rain let them be sheltered by means of any old lights at hand, so poised as to admit free play to air all around. Italian tuberose which have made a good growth and which are not yet pushing up flower-spikes, must be kept dry, and in that way checked until the flowers appear. In doing so, however, it will be necessary frequently to sprinkle them overhead, to keep off red spider; others which are showing spikes should be placed at once in a pan of water, and should have an occasional supply of liquid manure. They like a good maximum warmth, and delight at such a period in abundance of atmospheric moisture.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Continue the necessary training of wall-fruit, in order that no danger may exist from injury by means of sudden storms, removing, as I have before intimated, all gross superfluous shoots bodily, where this can be done without injury. Secondary or midsummer shoots, which form upon pears that are kept closely pruned, must be removed near the base, or otherwise so checked, constantly, that little or no wood will be formed in that way. Place the dried and hollow stalks of broad beans amongst the branches of all apricots in a bearing state, as traps for earwigs, which are becoming, as might have been anticipated, very numerous already. Remove also all foreright and ill-placed freshly-formed growths. Attend to, and remove, moreover, any nails which are likely from their closeness to any fruit to cause injury. This should be done forthwith with peaches and nectarines, as they also will soon commence their final swelling off.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Where not already done, remove the now ripened roots of ranunculus from borders, and see that they are properly dried before storing them away. Catch and kill earwigs, by every possible means. Secure dahlias, which will now grow apace. Use the same precaution also in regard to hollyhocks. Pippings of pinks or similar plants should be sprinkled occasionally in the evening, and should have the lights tilted so as to admit tolerably free ingress of night air.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Remove all old pea-haulm as soon as the crop has been gathered—beans, &c., the same—and prepare trenches for celery, which should be planted out immediately if the weather is favourable. Should rain fall freely, a busy time, long deferred, will ensue. Transplanting and sowing a multitude of subjects must be hurried forward, including broccoli, savoy, Brussels sprouts, b.c. endive, lettuces, radishes, cabbages, turnips, carrots, &c. Make, too, last sowing of Sangster's No. 1 peas, in an open sunny situation.—W. E., in the “Gardener's Chronicle.”

AN IRISH BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—Our Dublin correspondent telegraphs that an action by Miss Sarah Perse, of Galway, against Captain Rupert Brady, of the 2nd Regiment, for breach of promise of marriage, was settled in the Court of Queen's Bench on the following terms—that the defendant shall pay over a sum of £200 to each of two charities to be selected by the lady; that he shall pay all the costs as between solicitor and client, including the expense of the special jury sworn; and that all the defences suggesting a conditional promise shall be absolutely withdrawn.

THE TELEGRAPHS BILL.—At Friday's sitting of the House of Commons' Committee on the Telegraphs Bill, Mr. Vernon Harcourt, as representing Reuter's Company, withdrew his opposition, as a satisfactory arrangement had been come to between his clients and the promoters of the measure. A similar announcement was made on the part of the Universal Telegraphs' Company. Mr. Scudamore, of the General Post-office, estimates that the total cost of purchase will amount to six millions sterling.

DESTRUCTION OF EIGHTEEN COTTAGES BY FIRE.—On Sunday morning a fire broke out in a row of thatched cottages in Bury-street, Stowmarket, Suffolk, by which no fewer than eighteen cottages were destroyed, and eighty men, women, and children rendered homeless and houseless. The fire was caused by sparks falling from the chimney of the house occupied by a man named Ealing, on the east side of the street. A lively east wind carried the flames in an oblique direction across the street, and thirteen cottages opposite also became ignited. The fire occurred at the time of divine service, and an alarm was given at all the places of worship. Service was at once stopped, and thousands hurried to the spot. Meantime messengers were despatched to neighbouring villages for engines, and everything was done that could be done to stay the flames; but the wind was high, the cottages were old and dry, and water for some time was comparatively scarce. It was 3 in the afternoon before the fire was got at all under. A meeting was held in the afternoon, and a liberal subscription entered into for the sufferers.

MADAME RACHEL.—Madame Rachel and some of her friends again attended before Mr. Justice Blackburn, at chambers, on Saturday, for the purpose of putting in bail. One of the proposed sureties, however, was not present, and so another postponement took place, and Madame Rachel had to spend her Sunday in prison.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eighteenth and Co. lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed “Horniman and Co.”—[ADVERT.]

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

DURING the last ten days our most brilliant stars have disappeared from Paris. The Countess Walewski is at Evran with her husband; the Marchioness de Gallifet is at Dieppe; the charming Countess de Pourtales is in Switzerland; the Duke and Duchess de Sisto (Mme. de Morny) are installed in their residence at Deauville; the youthful Princess Achille Murat is on her way to Villars-sur-Mer; and lastly the Prince and Princess Metternich, after having paid their respects to their august friends at Fontainebleau, are now journeying to Johannesburg. From this you will conclude that many of our most brilliant leaders of fashion have almost suddenly quitted the capital, where the heat has really wellnigh become unbearable.

It is recounted that during the Prince and Princess Metternich's stay at Fontainebleau the favourite amusement was pigeon shooting, the Emperor and Empress joining in the sport. Prince Metternich was decidedly the most successful, and the Empress rewarded his skill by presenting him with a diamond pin. Her Majesty also amused herself by getting up a lottery in the Chinese salon—a charming lottery played with cards, and by which everyone must gain something. This amusement tended greatly to enliven the last days spent at Fontainebleau.

Two days previous to the final departure of the Court, M. Octave Feuillet, a man of great talent and of considerable and well-deserved literary celebrity, had the honour of reading to his Imperial hosts some chapters of a new novel that is to appear shortly. M. Octave Feuillet belongs to the French Academy, and has recently been nominated to the post of librarian at Fontainebleau. The Emperor, who thoroughly appreciates M. Feuillet's exquisite taste and delicate mind, desired this nomination to be made in his favour, because, the duties attached to it being by no means onerous, his Majesty desired him rather as a companion during some portion of his retirement at his favourite palace.

M. Octave Feuillet is comparatively speaking a young man to have acquired his present reputation. His appearance is very distinguished—not in the least robust, but delicate rather than otherwise. He never fails to remind me forcibly of Alfred de Musset, and their styles of writing are likewise very similar. His forehead is wide and high, as a man's who thinks deeply should be; his eyes are light, with a sunny expression in them; and his presence is unmistakably that of a gentleman. Unlike most Frenchmen of literary merit of the present day, M. Feuillet does not reside in Paris; he lives at Saint L6, in an elegantly fitted house, surrounded by his charming wife and family.

The Princess Metternich quitted Paris apparently with much regret. Is it not the theatre of her triumphs, where she is constantly fêted as a spoiled child? The evening before her departure she appeared to desire to say adieu to all that pleased her here, for she was to be met flitting about from one fashionable shop to another, and then driving in the Bois. She was very simply attired—a dress of pearl-grey poul de soie with black spots, a black lace bachelick, the hood at the back being ornamented with a ladder of black bows, straw bonnet trimmed with straw ribbon and wheat ears, and lappets of straw-coloured blonde.

The Emperor has left Fontainebleau for Plombières, where he is staying at the Grand Hotel. He is accompanied by General Lepic, his aide-de-camp, by M. Pietri, his secretary, and by two officers.

It is rumoured that King Leopold of Belgium intends visiting Plombières during the Emperor's stay there. The Empress wished to give some fêtes at Fontainebleau during her husband's absence, but it appears his Majesty was opposed to the plan. The discussion of the budget, and the dark storm politicians deprecate gathering in the distance, naturally occupy the mind of the ruler of France rather than fêtes and pastimes. All his plans are changed, for now Biarritz is given up, and, after Plombières, St. Cloud will receive a visit from the Imperial family.

We are to have a very intellectual treat in Paris at the Gaîté, for Victor Hugo's “Ruy Blas” is to be given shortly. There is much discussion about it, for after its first announcement it was withdrawn, and now it is posted again—much to the joy of theatre-goers, for it is a masterpiece. Jane Essler is to take the part of the Queen, and Berton that of Ruy Blas.

M. Charles Hugo, the elder son of the illustrious poet, is now in Paris preparing for publication a most interesting work called “Les Etapes de l'Exil.” It is a history of all those obscure martyrs who have died victims to their convictions.

Woollen materials are more in request this season for seaside costumes than any other variety, and several of our leading dress-makers have managed to make exceedingly pretty toilettes out of rather unpromising materials. Thick serges, striped red and white, are most popular, but I infinitely prefer the plain white serges to the more conspicuous colours. These serge costumes are worn without any crinolines; the white petticoat is braided with scarlet worsted braid, and trimmed with braid to match. The dress is looped up with bows of scarlet cashmere, adorned with worsted fringe. Sometimes taffetas is used instead of silk, but decidedly it is less original than the more ordinary material. The white serge, chemise russe, or Garibaldi bodice, is confined round the waist with a wide band of cashmere, the sash ends terminating with fringe. Russian leather boots are invariably worn on the sands, and the small capulet or hood made of white cashmere is considered in better taste with this costume than the most bewitching of hats.

It is not difficult, with a little originality and taste, to look very stylish at the seaside without spending much money. Let us suppose that a lady takes four costumes with her—a number that will suit any reasonable mind—this is the selection that should be made: one of either dark blue, white, purple or plaid serge; one of batiste écarlée (a sort of fine brown holland); a black silk one; and the fourth either a light sultane or algérienne for dressy occasions. These should be accompanied by striped cambric petticoats (which save white ones), by striped algérienne petticoats, and by wide silk sashes selected to match in colour the stripes on the petticoat. These sashes allow of great variation in the costumes. For example, with the costume of batiste écarlée, a striped wood colour and white petticoat, and a wide wood-coloured silk sash would be worn, or else, for smarter occasions, a turquoise blue silk petticoat with a sash to match. The bows of the sashes are now worn so large that they cover quite half of the back. They are fan-shaped at the top, and have two large hanging loops below the waist, or else they have only a bow below the fan, which invariably stands upright at the back. As a general rule the ends are worn quite short, and plaited lengthwise, the folds being flat and falling one over the other; thus giving the effect of two fans, opening on the skirt. The edge of each end is fringed. This style of sash is most effective on light costumes. The Empress wore the first that was made, and over the short white muslin dress in which she appeared at the picnic in the Valley of Apremont, when the company danced in the open air in the forest after dinner, her mauve silk sash was made in the style described above.

The ultra elegant costumes are made of thick white silk, or of silk of a very soft shade of colour such as Baltic blue, moonlight green, with bouquets of flowers brocaded in lively colours over them, quite in the style of the materials called “Dauphine” in Louis XV.'s reign.

These dresses have always the wide Watteau plait at the back; the sleeves are wide and hanging; the first skirt opens on tablier, being looped up at the sides with large bows.—*Elaine De Marsey* in the “Queen.”

THE HEAT.

It is no uncommon thing to hear people who have lived under the burning skies of the East exclaiming when they are shivering and shuddering, and shivering under the rigours of an English winter, "Oh! how I should like to be in India!" But we do not know that we have heard, before the present season, this wish expressed in the summer. The heat of the last few days, however, has caused many to wish that they could exchange, not exactly the temperature of the one place for the other, but the conditions under which the temperature is borne. Of course we recognise the fact that there is a higher range of thermometer in an Indian summer than in the most abnormal English season. But in India it is the study of men's lives to counteract the influences of the fiery climate. They meet the enemy well equipped at every point. In England we have nothing to interpose between ourselves and the heat. Our houses are not built for hot weather. Our clothes are not made for hot weather. We wear broadcloth and flannel, and are bound tightly by the bonds of convention. We go about in summer much as we do in winter. A *chuttee* is considered a mark of effeminacy, and a pair of white jean trousers causes a man to be stared at by every one with whom he comes in contact. There are probably some amongst us sufficiently independent and self-indulgent to spend the early part of the day in shirt sleeves and *pajammahs*; and we have seen in an important public department a tremendous violation of proprieties in an almost uniform divestment of coats (perhaps of waistcoats) whilst employed in the public service. Wherever old Indians meet together there is a general expression of a desire, borne of tender and melting remembrances, to institute *pun taks* or *tatties*, especially at dinner; and some off

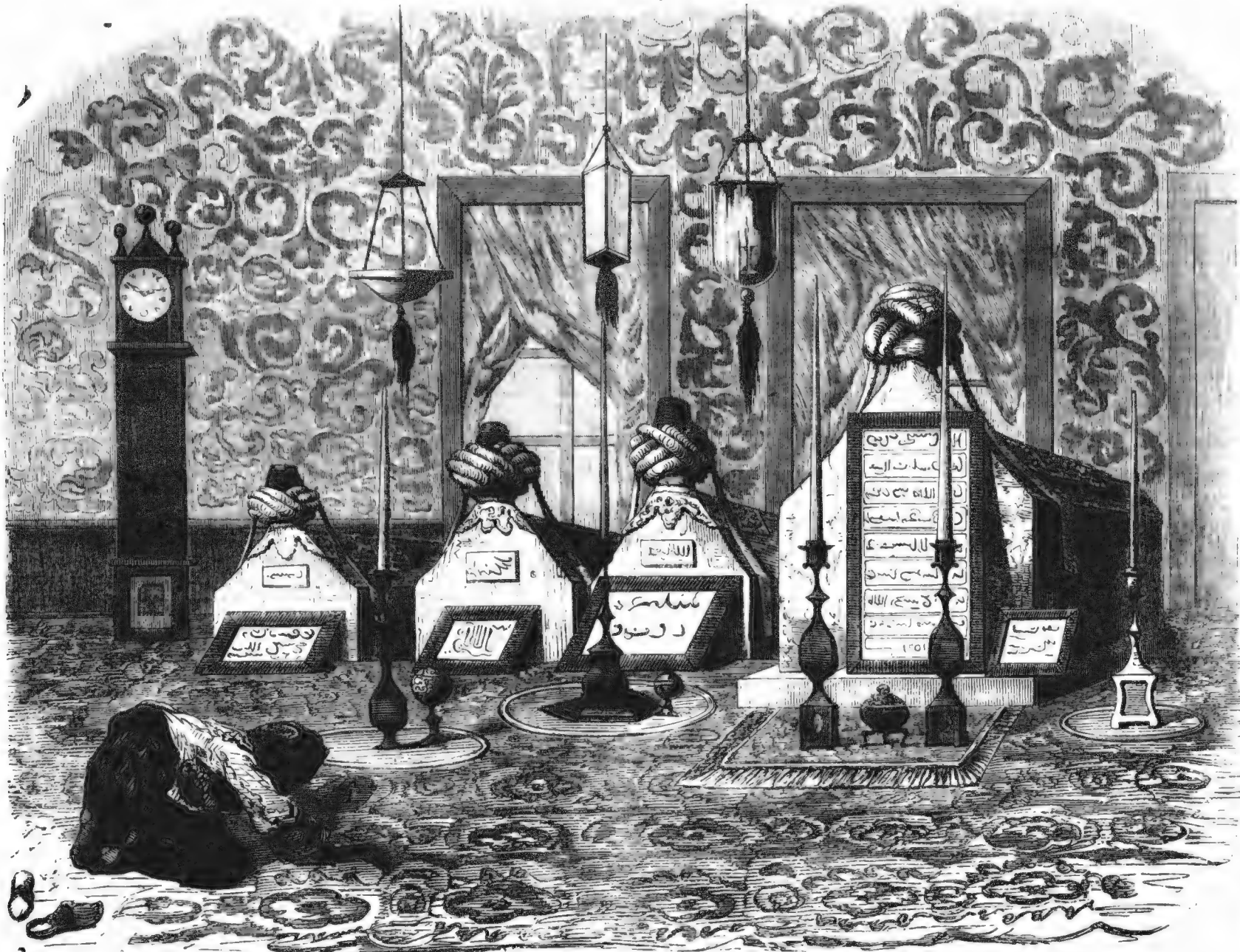
LUNACY IN IRELAND.

THE annual report of the lunacy inspectors on the condition of lunatic asylums and of the insane in Ireland during the year which ended on the 31st December last, has just been published. As is usual, the report contains a statement of the total number of registered lunatics, and also returns of "lunatics at large," that is, of insane persons who are living with relatives, or friends, or who are wandering about without any fixed abode and subsisting on charity. There were 9,086 registered lunatics in Ireland last year, and 6,664 recognised lunatics at large, making a total of 15,650.

One of the most remarkable passages in the report is that which relates to a lunatic who died at the Central Asylum, at the age of seventy-four, and after he had been confined as a criminal lunatic for thirty-eight years. His was a singular case. He was charged with firing at some person, and acquitted on the ground of insanity. He was a most ingenious mechanic, originally a gunsmith, and was of very industrious habits, being constantly employed either as smith, carpenter, turner, &c.; and it was specially remarkable and interesting that he, in the first instance, manufactured his own tools, planes, saws, drills, turning lathes, files, chisels—everything, in short, that he required; in fact, he was wonderfully clever in works of his own invention, with a file, a hammer, and some iron, he could make anything in that line, and could afterwards use the tools so made with no small amount of skill. His insanity, too, was rather extraordinary: he professed to be "Rex, Royal, High Priest, Master of Arts, and Gunmaker," said that he could create sun, moon, and stars, and that he could ascend into the skies. On one occasion, after boasting in this fashion, he pleaded strongly to be allowed his liberty that he might go into Dublin, upon which

A BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM DROWNED AT BATTERSEA ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

ON Sunday afternoon, about five o'clock, a very deplorable boat accident took place on the river just above Battersea-bridge, opposite Battersea Church, by which a young couple lost their lives a few hours after they had been married. A young girl, sister of the bride, who acted as bridesmaid, was also drowned. It appears that John Betsworth, a plasterer, said to have been living at Hendon, and Sarah Chads were married at Camberwell Church in the course of the morning, the sister of the bride, Ann Chads, and a young man of the name of Alfred Thompson taking part in the ceremony. The party then dined together, and went for a stroll over to Chelsea, the parents of Betsworth accompanying them. It was then proposed to have a trip on the water, and they hired a pleasure boat at Mr. Alexander's yard, at Chelsea. The parents said they would remain on shore, and the party of four went out in the boat, the man Thompson rowing. It is said that they intimated their intention of going up the river a short distance. The boat was pulled over to the Surrey side of the river, and unfortunately came into contact with some barges moored off Battersea Church, and went under them. The persons in the boat were immediately thrown into the water, and the young married couple and the sister disappeared almost immediately, and were drowned. The only survivor, Thompson, after passing under the barges, contrived to cling to the boat, and was picked up. It is reported that the catastrophe was in some measure caused by the wrong stern line being pulled, and the boat so steered against the barge, when she was drawn under. The boat was licensed to carry four or five persons, and had never met with a mishap



DERVISH TOMBS AT SCUTARI.

comes to the determination that their houses would be cooler if they were shut up during the heat of the day. Seriously, we shall be compelled, if this weather continues, to import some of our old Anglo-Indian customs into England—at least what Anglo-Indian customs were before foppiness prevailed over sense, and the reign of broad-cloth commenced. That to wear clothes not only of light texture, but of light colour, would greatly mitigate the heat is certain—yet we see people going about us usual in the inevitable black.—*Homeward Mail*, July 20.

THE NEW REGISTRATIONS ACT.—On Monday the new act for the next registration was issued. It contains 37 clauses, some of which are declaratory of the next registration and the next election. The revision is to take place between the 14th September and the 8th October. 132 revising barristers may be appointed. In the event of the power to appoint additional barristers under the Act 6 and 7 Vic., c. 18, occurring after the 6th September, the power is to be exercised by the judge sitting at chambers. There is a provision that notwithstanding the clause in the new Reform Act, the "lodgers" are to appear on the lists and registers of voters in separate lists.

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.—A correspondent informs us that the Cretan insurgents have gained a victory of some importance near Hieracleon. He adds: "Mr. Hilary Skinner, author of 'Roughing it in Crete,' landed in that island on the 11th inst., in the province of Sphakia, after successfully running the Turkish blockade. He takes with him all that is necessary for the establishment of a field hospital.

it was replied that he might make an ascent into the skies, and then go where he liked, but he had enough mind to see the absurdity of the proposition. He was a very inoffensive, good-natured, kindly, and useful man in many ways; and, strange to say, just before he died, he went about bidding good-bye to all his friends amongst the officers and patients.

DIPSOMANIACS.—The Lunacy Board for Scotland in a former year's report expressed an opinion that persons unable to resist the tendency to excessive drinking should be allowed to place themselves under control and treatment without authority from the sheriff. The board have now to state that, by the Lunacy Amendment Act, 1866, asylums are authorised to receive for care and treatment any person who expresses in writing to the Commissioners in Lunacy his wish to become a voluntary patient, and obtains their consent, and that this provision was taken advantage of in 1867 in Scotland by seventeen persons; fourteen were admitted into public and three into private asylums. These patients, however, were not necessarily all dipsomaniacs.

ILLNESS OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—The church papers state that the Archbishop of Canterbury is so indisposed that he is ordered abroad immediately, and they add that it was on account of his grace's illness that the recent sittings of Convocation were not prolonged, as was in the first instance intended. There is no doubt that during the five days on which Convocation sat the Archbishop was in a feeble state of health, and the remarks he made, which were very few, were scarcely audible in the small room in which the members of the Upper House meet.

before. Drags were immediately used, with a view of recovering the bodies, but without success. The distress of the parents, who remained on shore, when they heard of the sad event, was of the most poignant description, and they could scarcely be induced to leave the place. The deceased couple were neither of them more than twenty-one years of age, and the sister was younger.

ANOTHER CASE OF DROWNING IN THE SERPENTINE.—On Monday morning a fatal accident happened to Daniel Fitzgerald, aged 24, of Crawford-street, Marylebone. The deceased went to bathe in the Serpentine, and swam over to the boat-house, and on returning back to the south side, he put up his hands and sank immediately. The boat and drags of the Royal Humane Society were put into requisition, when the body was taken out and conveyed to the Society's house. Superintendent Williams tried to restore animation, but life was extinct.—On Thursday morning 1,200 persons bathed in the Serpentine, and in the evening 10,000; ten persons being rescued from drowning.

BOAT ACCIDENT.—A distressing boat accident occurred on Saturday in the Derwent, and not far from the spot where a few weeks ago the "Star Diver" was drowned. Two men fishing in a small boat were asked by two boys to row them across the river. The boat was not sufficiently large to carry them altogether, and one was allowed to enter. Immediately afterwards, apparently fearing that he was going to be left behind, the other lad sprang in, and the consequence was that the frail craft instantly began to fill and went down. The men with difficulty reached the shore, but the boys were drowned.

THE CAMP AT WIMBLEDON.

CHURCH parade is always interesting here on Sunday. This year, the mistake made in announcing the Bishop of Oxford as the preacher of the day seemed to have had no effect upon the number assembled in the large umbrella tent, and the morning service performed was listened to by considerably more than a thousand souls. The Guards paraded by their encampment on the Wimbledon side at half-past ten, and the volunteers on the open space between the butts and the windmill at the same hour. Just before eleven the two bodies marched for the large tent in which service was to be held, and soon occupied a great part of its central space. A good many visitors were present, and at last the large congregation of sitters was supplemented by as many more, who were clustered outside. The canvas sides were removed for ventilation, so that the temporary church was the exact shape and appearance of a large umbrella, the stick of which was half-buried in the ground. The service was brief, and the sermon, preached by the Rev. S. Brooke, plain, practical, and impressive. The Litany was omitted and the Old Hundredth psalm sung before the sermon. The effect of so many voices joining in this familiar tune, combined with their martial dresses and surroundings, was very striking. The preacher struck a lofty strain, and held up patriotism and the protection of the weak and feeble as among the highest temporal duties for the vigorous and strong. It was an essentially reverent congregation, and no one present is likely to forget the camp service. It was over at half-past twelve, a patriotic hymn, praying for continued blessings for England and the Queen, being sung while a collection was made for the local charities of Wimbledon. The Prince of Wales was mobbed here between four and six on Saturday afternoon. The vulgar curiosity and rude persistence which runs royalty down as if it were some strange thing let out for the amusement of the hour—these exalted impulses were rampant. Iron railings, policemen, and soldiers kept people back, but they clustered ten deep round the one and taxed the energies

guards, policemen, volunteers, and others for about an hour the fire was completely extinguished, and all danger was at an end. The fire is stated, by Sergeant Rowe, of the G reserve division, to have been produced by some one who was riding on the tramway throwing a lighted fusée on the dry grass, which took fire, and immediately communicated to the furze; but who committed this wanton act has not been discovered.

The first and principal item in the programme of Monday was the contest for the Dragon Cup, or the second stage for the St. George's Vase, value £50, to become the absolute property of the winner. To be competed for by the sixty winners in the first stage; seven shots each, at 600 yards. This prize was the subject of a very spirited competition, but it was finally won by Private Hewison, of the London Scottish, who made 22 marks; Captain Tomlinson, of the 3rd Cambridgeshire, and Private Roe, of the 3rd Salop, each made 20 points; Corporal Dutton, of the 6th Cheshire, made 19, and Sergeant Meldrum, of the 1st Somerset, made 18 points.

The second stage of the Alexandra Prize, for a cup of the value of £50, was commenced, the competition being restricted to the winners in the first stage. Seven shots each at 600 yards. This was well contested.

SURGICAL SEPARATION OF THE CHINESE TWINS.

THE scientific world, and especially that portion of it who have made the study of medicine and surgery their profession, cannot fail to be intensely interested in the fact which has recently come to our knowledge, of the determination of Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, to submit to a surgical operation for the purpose of discovering the wonderful link that has so long bound them together. Some forty years ago these twins were introduced to the notice of the civilised world, having been brought to England from

THE PRINCESS ALICE.

HER Royal Highness Princess Alice, now on a visit to the Queen at Osborne House, is the third child of Her Majesty. She was born on the 25th of April, 1843, and was married to Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt, on the 1st of July, 1862, and has issue two daughters and a son.

OSBORNE HOUSE.

THIS magnificent marine residence of the Queen, of which we give an engraving on page 488, is situate in close proximity to Cowes, and commands a fine view of Southampton waters, Spithead, Portsmouth, and the Hampshire and Sussex coasts. The original mansion was in the occupation of Eustace Mann, Esq., during the Civil War between Charles I. and his Parliament. The Osborne estate comprises about 2,000 acres. The house was modernised, or rather rebuilt, in 1845 by Mr. Thomas Cubitt, in the Italian style. The view of Osborne from the sea is most imposing.

DERVISH TOMBS AT SCUTARI.

THE Dervish, or Turkish monks at Scutari, do not bury their dead beneath the earth, but erect numerous sepulchral apartments in which their departed brethren are deposited, enclosed in aromatic coffins. These coffins are placed on the floor, as seen in our illustration on page 492, and are covered with dark green serge, surmounted with the Turban of the deceased. The only ornaments are a small plate on which is engraved the name, and a larger plate containing a verse from the Koran. Perfumes are constantly kept burning in these sepulchres, and they are daily visited by the Dervishes and others to pray at the tombs of the departed.



THE RUINED GAMESTER.

of the others. To concentrate all mental effort into a fixed stare; to silently but palpably tick off every movement of the Prince, as if he were a novel piece of mechanism just wound up; to pass whispered comments on his eyes, his hair, his mouth, his coat, his hat, his boots; to say audibly, "He's smiling now;" or "He's saying something to Lord Spencer;" or "It's a cigarette he's smoking, but with a cigar mouthpiece; why does he smoke cigarettes?" are fair specimens of the manners observed on Saturday.

More fires on Monday. A large piece of the furze and grass by the paling between Wimbledon and Putney was in a blaze. The volunteers were speedily on the alert, and tearing down the wood work of the enclosure, beat and stamped the fire out after some half an acre had been burnt to black ashes. Another fire blazed for some time in the regimental camp. Nothing will cure the incorrigible carelessness of the smokers, and the guards dug a deep and broad trench round the exhibition tent. It was soon after four o'clock there were again raised cries of "Fire, fire," and this time it appeared the site of it was that part of the common near the Wimbledon end of the tramway. An immense blaze rose high in the air, and as the wind was blowing from the westward, the fence on the east side of the common was threatened with destruction. A general turn out took place, and one energetic body seized hold of the engine, stationed near to the Windmill, and started off at full speed to the spot, but, in doing so, they had forgotten one essential element that was wanting, and that was simply the water. As an engine was no use without water, the next consideration was what was to be done. A friendly neighbour, W. T. Griggs, Esq., of Putney Lodge, was appealed to, and with great readiness he allowed his premises to be entered by all who chose, and they thus obtained sufficient water to put out the fire. Amongst the earliest arrivals at the scene was Earl Spencer, who was most active in giving the necessary directions, and for the nonce Earl Dacre sank his nobility, and was seen tugging along to render all the assistance in his power. After the exertions of

Siam in the year 1827 or 1828, by Captain Bunker, at present living in New York, and for a series of years they were exhibited to the public at all the great centres of civilisation. Having visited America, they determined to make this land their home. They bought a valuable tract of land in North Carolina, married two sisters, and settled down in the ordinary routine of a farmer's daily life. Each of them is now the father of nine children. The reason for their determination, at this late day, to call in the art of surgery to produce an entire physical separation, is that having reached such an advanced age (59 years) they are fearful that, one may become the subject of disease, which may prove fatal to both. The interesting question arises, what are the probabilities of a successful operation being performed. It will be remembered in pursuing these inquiries that the twins are held together by quite a massive link of thoroughly normal and perfectly vitalised integument, some 10 or 12 inches in circumference, situated near the vital organs, and in close proximity to the heart and lungs; and the connection is so intimate that each seems to be thoroughly an organised portion of the other, as much so as any of the ordinary members of a naturally constituted human body. Sensation, nervous impression, mental phenomena, morbid, physical, and nervous conditions, all show a most perfect psychological unity in this wonderful dual physical existence. The question in regard to the result of an operation is no new one, but soon after their first appearance in London and Paris it excited the minds of the foremost intellects in the surgical world. If we remember rightly, the "Twins" were exhibited before the Academy of Physicians and Surgeons in Paris at that time for the purpose of ascertaining their opinion in regard to the probabilities of a successful operation. The disagreement in regard thereto, we believe, led to the abandonment of the project. Has the science of surgery so rapidly advanced that to-day successful results can be promised when there was so much doubt a score or two of years ago? We understand they contemplate visiting Paris for the purpose of having the operation performed.—*New York Tribune*, July 3.

THE DELAYS IN REMOVING SICK PAUPERS.—Mr. Humphreys held an inquest at the Prince of Wales Tavern, Victoria Park, on Monday, touching the death of a man named Job Baker, aged 63 years, a labourer, lodging with a Mrs. Flack, at 55, James-street, Bethnal-green. He fell ill on Tuesday week, and being quite destitute his landlady went to the workhouse to get him in. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon she saw two paupers, who said that the relieving officer was gone, and would not be back till evening, she went in the evening, but Mr. Sadleir, the relieving officer, said that he could not take the man in; he must be visited. Mr. Sadleir offered an order for the doctor, which Mr. Flack refused, saying it was not what she wanted. She called the next and saw another relieving officer, who gave her the medical order. The doctor visited the deceased, and he was removed into the house by the medical man's instructions, but he died in 25 minutes from diarrhoea and exhaustion. Mr. Sadleir said that Mrs. Flack did not tell him that the man was destitute; she only said he was ill, and that he had enjoyed 15s. a week for two and a half years past. He, therefore, did not think the case an urgent one. The jury returned a verdict that deceased died from exhaustion from diarrhoea and disease of the lungs; that he ought to have been admitted to the workhouse infirmary on Mrs. Flack's application, and that there had been delay in visiting the deceased.

THE DERRY BIGAMY CASE.—At the Derby assizes on Thursday, Cecil Antony Fernando, thirty-two, surgeon, was arraigned on a charge of bigamy, he having married, on the 14th of February, 1868, at Derby, Mary Ann Frances Snath, his wife, Eliza Fernando, being still alive. The result was that the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A LIVING ANCESTRY.—On the 8th inst., the wife of the Hon. W. P. Bouverie, eldest son of Viscount Folkestone, gave birth to a son and heir at the family seat, Coleshill House. The venerable Earl Radnor, Viscount Folkestone, his son the Hon. W. P. Bouverie, and the infant son of the latter represent father, son, grandson, and great grandson in a direct line.—*Wills Standard*.

LAW AND POLICE.

COURT OF PROBATE AND DIVORCE.

BLACKBORNE V. BLACKBORNE.—In this case the husband originally sued for a restitution of conjugal rights, and in reply to that suit the wife raised another, in which she alleged adultery against her husband, and in consequence of such adultery prayed for a decree of judicial separation. The case came on for hearing in May last, when the adultery of the husband having been proved to the satisfaction of the jury, a verdict was given in favour of the wife, and the Court pronounced a decree of judicial separation. Dr. Spinks, Q.C. (with whom was Mr. Scarle), now applied on the part of the wife for the custody of the children of the marriage. Of these there are five, of the respective ages of fifteen, fourteen, twelve, ten, and four, the two oldest being boys. Mr. Day, on the part of the husband, Mr. Blackburne, who is a lace merchant in South Audley-street, opposed the application on the ground that the husband could better forward the interests of the children in life than the wife could do, and that they were being properly cared for, at the present time the two elder being at a grammar school at Kensington, and the two next at a school at Epping, with a party to whom Mrs. Blackburne had recommended them. He also stated that Mrs. Blackburne had seceded from the Church of England, of which her husband was a member, and had joined herself to a body of Baptists, and that he did not wish his children brought up in the religion of that sect. The learned Judge, after hearing the arguments on both sides, stated that the wife having succeeded in her suit, and proved the adultery of her husband, she was entitled to the custody of the children. He did not think that what had been said about the wife's religion was any bar to her having the custody of them. He should, however, order that she have the sole charge of them herself, and that no other parties should be allowed to interfere in the management of them. Over the elder boys the Court could have no cognisance after they were sixteen years of age, and he should order that they be kept at school up to that period. Two of the others were also stated to be at school, and he should make the same order in respect of them. Of course, if the wife took the order, she would have to maintain the children until such time as a settlement was made respecting the means of the parties, of which the Court at present knew very little. Order made accordingly.

ALLEGED MURDER AT ERITH.

On Monday afternoon, at two o'clock, Mr. C. J. Carttar, coroner for West Kent, opened an inquiry at Erith into the circumstances attending the death of a man named James Bishop, who it was alleged expired on Sunday morning last from the effects of injuries received on the previous Saturday night, at the hands of two young men named William Pink and John Fletcher, and, as stated, without any provocation on the part of the deceased man. From the evidence of witnesses, it appeared that the deceased was knocked down, beaten, and severely kicked in the streets of Erith by the prisoner Pink whilst the prisoner Fletcher was standing near, but the latter did not appear to have taken any active part in the murderous assault.

In reply to the coroner, the police authorities stated that they had most important evidence to adduce, and the inquest was then adjourned.

At four o'clock the prisoners were placed at the bar of the Woolwich Police Court before Mr. Maude, the sitting magistrate, on the charge. The case appeared to excite much interest, and the court was crowded.

Police-sergeant Wilson, 15 R, said that on Sunday morning he apprehended Fletcher for being concerned in the charge, but he denied it. Pink said that the deceased first struck him in the face, and he returned the blow.

David Cramshaw, a millwright, residing at Royal-hill, Erith, said, on the previous Saturday night, about twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, he was near the Prince of Wales public-house when he saw the deceased man, Bishop, and Pink apparently fighting. Whilst Bishop was in the act of falling Fletcher kicked him on the right side. Witness said he was sure the man would be killed, and sent for some brandy, some of which was placed in his mouth. On the following morning witness went to the residence of the deceased, who was then dying.

Thomas Vesey said he heard a noise in the street on Saturday night, and, being in bed, got up to see what was the matter. He saw Fletcher jumping about, and Pink struck Bishop on his nose until it bled. Bishop was then reeling about. Pink struck him again, and knocked him down, standing over him with his fist closed, and saying, "You —, if you lay there, I will kill you." He then kicked the deceased, and witness heard his head crack, and said, "The man is dead." The deceased was taken in the first place to Dr. Churton's, and from thence to his own home.

James Bilyard, an engineer, said he was going home at the time in question, and saw Pink strike the deceased several times in the manner described. The deceased had been in company with witness and others at a beer feast during the day, but the accused men were not there. He did not see Fletcher strike the deceased.

In reply to Mr. Maude, the inspector who had charge of the case said there was much additional evidence to bring forward.

Mr. Maude: As the Maidstone Assizes have commenced it is important for the prisoners that they should be committed during the present week.

The prisoners were remanded.

DRINK MADMEN.

A VERY painful instance of the consequences of indulgence in drink came before the Middlesex Sessions on Tuesday, when Mr. Stanley Leigh Powell, describing himself as a clerk in holy orders, pleaded guilty to an indictment for obtaining from Henry Hooker the sum of £10 10s., with intent to defraud. The case was explained by Mr. Moody, counsel for the prosecution, who said that the prisoner was a person of good education, and had been a clergyman. For the defence, a long and very rambling statement, written by Powell, was read by Mr. Warner Sleigh, his counsel. Here are extracts:—

"A.D. 1850.—The beginning of my downfall was thus: Being on a visit to a brother clergyman in Lancashire I became engaged to a barrister's widow of great wealth. Everything—even to the 'house,' ring, and the 'day,' was settled, but yielding to temptation, I became intoxicated, and failed to be there as appointed, so of course the match was broken off. I was much vexed, and rushed headlong into drink and gay company, until I was quite mad. I spent all the money (nearly £100) I had provided for the marriage expenses. I was staying for a few days at a very fast house called the 'London,' (Liverpool), and was intoxicated the whole time. One evening I disappeared, putting in my pocket two teddy lads (not silver) worth 3s. 6d. each. Thence I went to sup with a clergyman a little out of Liverpool; he being rather a free liver, I had more drink and spirits, and as his house was full, went to the village inn, and sat up with the landlord till morning still drinking. We went up to bed at the same time, his room being next to mine. In the morning I went into his room, and not finding him there put on his coat and vest, watch and chain (value about £5 or £8), and went down to the bar, settled my bill, and walked about for some time. Then I went out for a walk for about two or three hours, returned with the things still on, having left mine in his bedroom. Sat in the public-room with him and his friends for a long time, when a policeman took me into custody on both charges. I was tried at the sessions, and sentenced to three months imprisonment. Unfortunately, I declined to plead,

as I was urged by every one, 'Temporary Insanity,' fearing the consequences of 'Her Majesty's pleasure,' and not dreaming the second charge would be preferred. However, as one offence was in the borough and the other the county, when my sentence in the former was expired I was arrested for the county. This so exasperated my friends that they insisted on my pleading 'Not Guilty,' and proved overwhelmingly that I was not in a sane state of mind, through drink, and the jury returned a verdict of 'Not guilty, on the ground of temporary insanity.' Lord Stanley was chairman. I was sent to Bethlehem and liberated after nine months, I think. After this I became assistant secretary to a clerical society, and curate of a parish in Surrey. The incumbent's wife in whose house I lived, made overtures which I did not respond to. She became jealous of some ladies in the parish, we quarrelled, and I left. Some six or nine months after this I had two cheques sent me, one for her and one for myself for £5 each. After keeping her's for a long time I endorsed it in her name and got it cashed. I was apprehended and nearly succeeded in committing suicide. [From information obtained it appears that while in the House of Detention he succeeded in securing a small penknife from the observation of the warders, with which he nearly severed his windpipe, and was found weltering in his blood, and after being in the infirmary about seven weeks he recovered, and explained to the chaplain how he had secreted the penknife.] Another hour, and I should have led to death. Was tried for forgery at the Central Criminal Court, and the previous conviction being proved, sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment. I was then living in a state of intoxication, and got the cheque cashed at a tavern. I think this was in February, 1864. We have now arrived at this point. Since beginning a new career I have had good testimonials from each place. For some time I abstained from intoxicating liquors, but unfortunately again gave way. I had the highest possible testimonials on going to the Lock Hospital and went on well till about a fortnight before leaving. Mr. Kim, a ward noticed me queer on one or two mornings, and one morning I received a note from one of my referees, asking me to resign at once. I got drinking, never returned to dinner, nor all that night, and was ashamed to appear at the board meeting, and, after stopping away for several days, heard that a successor had been appointed. Was then ashamed to return, and left my books with many sums for petty cash mentioned, and consequently was a defaulter. I now went on drinking, and trying and hoping to kill myself, until I heard that the police were on my track, and even then kept on drinking, never seeing bed for three nights together. My mode of living every day was never going to bed before daylight, and when I awoke had bitter beer and brandy, and after dinner, which was the only meal I had, kept drinking all kinds of mixtures till midnight. Doubtless I appeared all right to strangers—pleasant, quiet, chatty, and agreeable, though not responsible for my actions." He further detailed his dissolute habits, and the present matter with which he stood charged.

The Assistant Judge said the circumstances explained were an aggravation of the prisoner's case, and he had hoped it was not true he was a clergyman. Police-constable Jones, 62 X, said he had brought a gentleman to the court whom the prisoner had also defrauded, besides which there were a number of other cases against him, but the parties refused to attend. Sentence—"Five years' penal servitude."

BURGLARY.—William Fitzgerald, James Barrett, and William Bateman, boys of about 15 or 16 years of age, were brought up on remand before Mr. Vaughan, at Bow-street, the two former being charged with breaking into the premises of Mr. Andrews, dairyman, Leigh-street, Burton-crescent, and stealing a gold seal and other property, and the last with receiving the gold seal, knowing it to be stolen.—On the night of Saturday, or morning of the 12th inst., Mr. Andrews's premises were broken into, and a gold seal, three silk handkerchiefs, some postage stamps, and 20s. in money were stolen. On Tuesday, Police-constable Chamberlain, E 163, and Carter, E 117, saw the three prisoners in Cromer-street, at the corner of Brighton-street, and apprehended them. Chamberlain took Bateman, and Carter the other two. Upon hearing the charge, Fitzgerald said, "All right, Mr. Carter, I will tell you the truth. I stood by the door, and Barrett got on my shoulders and opened the parlour, and got in that way. We should have got more swag only we were interrupted." Chamberlain said to Bateman, "Have you bought a seal of any one?" Bateman replied, "No." On the way to the station he said to Chamberlain, "There you are," handing him a piece of paper, which was afterwards found to contain a bit of cigar end. At the same moment he attempted to pass something to another boy, who passed at the time; but Chamberlain caught hold of his hand, and prevented him from doing so. Bateman said, "I did buy a seal, and gave a man 8d. for it. I was going to sell it to another man." Chamberlain asked if he knew it was gold. He replied, "Yes; I tried it." At the station-house the seal was found in his trousers pocket. It was identified by Mr. Andrews. Fitzgerald afterwards said to Chamberlain, "One of your sergeants stopped us when we were coming away from it, and turned us over; but he could not find anything. We had the handkerchiefs up our sleeves."—Maurice Cane, a boy about 14 years of age, said he bought a silk handkerchief, which he now produced, from Fitzgerald for 1d. He saw the name Andrews written in the corner, but Fitzgerald tore the piece off and threw it away.—Mr. Vaughan. What do you think he did that for?—Witness: I don't know: I did not care. I wanted a handkerchief, and I bought it.—Mr. Vaughan: Where did you meet with him?—Witness: I saw him with a lot more, toasting in the street.—Mr. Vaughan: Were you toasting too?—Witness: No, I was not toasting, because I had no money to toss with. I had only one penny.—Fitzgerald: Why, you had five-and-sixpence.—Bateman said he bought the seal from a strange man and did not know that it was stolen. He called as a witness a man named Connor, who keeps a newspaper and sweet-tuff shop in Brighton-street, who said that on Monday Bateman was in his shop when a man named Bunney came to the door and beckoned him out to ask him if he would buy a seal. Bateman said, "I will show it to Connor." He did so, and asked him what it was worth.—Witness said it would not be dear at 6d. or 1s., and Bateman gave the man 8d. for it. Bateman had since worn it on his watch chain.—Witness asked him why he wore such an ugly thing.—Mr. Vaughan, after examining it, said he could not understand how anyone could call it ugly. Did witness really mean to say he thought so?—The witness reluctantly admitted that he considered it very pretty indeed. He also stated that he lent Bateman the 8d. to buy the seal. A witness was called to give the prisoners a good character, but it was stated by the police that he was in the habit of encouraging young thieves at his house. They were committed for trial. As they were being removed Bateman set up a series of hideous howls, mingled with protestations of innocence and rubbed his eyes most industriously, but failed to extract a single tear. Two women in court (one his mother) joined in the chorus of lamentation with an effect more ludicrous than pathetic.

CHARGE AGAINST A POLICE-CONSTABLE FOR TORTURING A DOG.—John Kearney, a police-constable, No. 395 K, appeared before Mr. Benson at the Thames Office on a summons taken out by Mr. Young, an officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which charged him with unlawfully cruelly torturing, ill-using, and abusing a certain dog.—The real complainant in this case was Mr. Robert Williams, a gentleman of No. 3, Wilson-terrace, Bow. On the morning of the 11th instant, between five and half-past five, the complainant let out his dog, a small terrier and aged, and while the dog was in the road, the defendant threw a stone, represented to be the size of an orange at the dog. The dog retreated towards his master's

house, and the defendant struck it on the head with his truncheon at the complainant's door. The animal never rose again, and was in great agony until Mr. Williams drowned it in a tub of water a few minutes afterwards. The case was clearly made out by the evidence of Mr. Williams and two other witnesses.—Mr. Charles Young in defence said there was no proof that the defendant had unlawfully tortured, ill-used, and abused a dog, and that all he did was to strike the dog one blow with his truncheon. One of the most wholesome regulations ever known was the order of Sir Richard Mayne, the chief commissioner of police, for the muzzling of dogs. I had saved many from the horrors of hydrophobia in the course of the present sultry season. The complainant's dog snapped at the defendant, who thereupon struck it with his truncheon, which he contended, he was quite justified in doing under the circumstances.—Mr. Benson said that orders of the chief commissioner of police did not relieve the defendant, who had a right to seize the dog when he saw it in the road unmuzzled, and without any one in charge of it, but not to strike it in the wanton manner he had done. The learned counsel for the prosecution and the solicitor for the defence had both spoken of the onerous duties of the police. He quite agreed with them, but he believed that if anything would render the police detestable to the public at large it was such an act as this. The defendant had acted in a most ferocious manner. Because he could not catch the dog, he had gone on the premises of its owner and struck it. He begged leave to say that he did not consider the value of the animal at all, but the animus with which the defendant was actuated. The temper of the police-constable was ruffled because he could not catch the dog, and take it to the station-house, under the new order of the Commissioner of Police, and he had acted in an illegal, wanton, and cruel manner. He was not called upon to assess the value of the dog, but to express his opinion of the misconduct of the defendant. He fined him 10s. and costs. The money was paid.

CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER.—THROWING A WIFE OUT OF A THIRD-FLOOR WINDOW.—John Crummins, aged 40, residing at 8, James-street, Oxford-street, tailor, was charged at Marylebone with attempting to murder his wife by throwing her out of window.—Charles Barnes 208 D, said on the previous night he was called to the prisoner's house, and found his wife (who it was alleged had been thrown out of a third floor window) lying apparently dead on the leaden flat of an out-house. He went upstairs, and heard the prisoner in his room. After a time he unlocked the door, and was taken into custody.—Sarah Ann Hughes, residing in the same house. She was at the rear of the house, and saw the female come or fall from the window. She did not see the prisoner.—Anne Parker, also residing in the same house, said she had heard quarrelling all the evening, and heard the prisoner's wife repeatedly shriek out for "mercy." On looking out of the staircase window she saw the wife fall from the third-floor back window. She could not say whether she was pushed out or fell out.—Sergeant Kerridge, 4 D R., said he went into the room and found it in a most filthy state. When he apprehended the prisoner he said he knew nothing of the matter.—Mr. Henry Case, house surgeon of Middlesex Hospital, said she was admitted suffering from a dislocation of the left hip joint. All the ribs on her right side were fractured. She had her throat terribly scratched, as also her face. Her legs, arms, and body were covered with contusions. She was in a very dangerous state.—Later in the day Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Taite, chief clerk, attended at the hospital to take the wife's depositions. She said: I was at home last night. I was tipsy. My husband came home about eight o'clock. I was tipsy, and was looking out of the window, and went off to sleep and fell out. My husband was in the room but did not lay hands on me. Another woman was in the room fast asleep on the floor. No one else was there.—Mr. Mansfield remanded the prisoner for a week.

STEALING HUMAN BONES FROM A CEMETERY.—Abraham Woolf, a dirty-looking boy about 15, was charged with being concerned with three others not yet apprehended, in unlawfully entering the churchyard at Christ Church, Bethnal Green, and stealing from consecrated ground therein a quantity of human bones.—Mr. Somerset Job Hyams, the vestry clerk of Christ Church, deposed that on Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, he was upon the point of entering the churchyard when he saw the prisoner and three other boys making towards an opposite gate. Prisoner was carrying a bundle, and witness made towards them, when they commenced to run, but finding witness gaining on them they dropped the bundle, which was picked up by the sextoness. Witness subsequently caught the prisoner, but the other boys escaped. Witness on opening the bundle, which was a tablecloth, found it to contain a quantity of human bones which had been dug up from the burial ground, some part of the ground had been opened, but no bones had been left about and it was filled in and bricked over; the bricks had been removed to get at ground, and the bones dug from there with an iron meat hook, also found in the bundle.—Ellen Ryce, the sextoness of the church gave corroborative evidence, and Police-constable Robert Taylor, 41 H Reserve, deposed to taking prisoner into custody.—Mr. Ellison remanded the prisoner to afford the police an opportunity of arresting the others.

COMMITTAL OF A FRAUDULENT BANKRUPT.—Henry Spackman, cheesemonger, 105, Union-street, Borough, was placed at the bar on Saturday at Southwark before Mr. Burcham for final examination, charged, under the 221st section of the Bankruptcy Act, with removing and concealing a part of his property, of the value of £10 and upwards, with intent to defraud his creditors. We gave all particulars last week.—Mr. Cooke, on behalf of the prisoner, contended that the evidence of the witness Hodge was not to be relied on; the prisoner was committed for trial at the next Central Criminal Court Sessions.

RITUALISM.—THE REV. F. RICHINGS V. CORDINGLEY.—There has been a singular suit in the Arches Court at the instance of the incumbent of Atherstone, Warwick, against Mr. Edward Cordingley, one of the churchwardens, for violently entering the church and removing the super altar, the altar cloth, &c., on the ground that at a meeting of the vestry a resolution was passed that such decorations were unlawfully introduced into the church. The case occupied nearly the whole day, and the evidence was not concluded at the rising of the Court. His Lordship took occasion to remark that much litigation would be avoided in ecclesiastical matters if persons first obtained a faculty or permission to introduce things in the services or proceeded in a proper manner to remove the same without taking the law into their own hands. The further hearing was adjourned.

CRAWLEY V. THE REV. JAMES O'NEILL.—STOPPING UP AN ARCHWAY.—This was a suit in the Arches Court by a gentleman named Crawley, one of the lay improprators of the great tithes of Luton, Bedfordshire, against the Rev. James O'Neill, for plastering up an archway leading to the chancel. Dr. Tristram appeared for Crawley, and the defendant conducted his own case, objecting to the jurisdiction of the Court. The church had been restored, and he had since the suit commenced removed the obstruction. His Lordship thought the matter might be settled. After a discussion it was arranged that the defendant should pay the costs of the citation and appearance, and an end was put to the proceedings.

FENIANISM.—Williamson, alias Cooke, and Blake, who were remanded last week on the charge of treason-felony, were again brought before Mr. Vaughan, at Bow-street on Tuesday. The examination of witnesses was principally confined to the identification of a certain box, said to have formed a portion of Cooke's luggage on his arrival from America. When the box was seized by the police it was found to contain a green tunic braided with black, and with a star on the collar, a vest of watered silk with a harp on each button, a pair of green trousers, three revolvers and a bowie knife, and two books relating to Fenianism.

PAINFUL CASE OF MANSLAUGHTER.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Humphreys held an inquest at the Duke of Wellington Tavern, Cannon-street-road, respecting the death of Mr. Conrad Verdenhalven, aged thirty-seven years. The deceased was a licensed victualler, and was landlord of the Duke of Wellington and another public-house. Mary Ann Goddard, domestic servant, deposed that on Saturday, the 11th inst., Mr. Verdenhalven was out in a pony carriage (which he had recently won in a raffle), and he returned home about three or four o'clock. Mrs. Verdenhalven had dined, and his dinner was on the table in the bar parlour. There was a quarrel between them. Witnesses had often heard them quarrel before, but she never exactly understood what it was about. Mrs. Verdenhalven was frequently in tears, for deceased was very great friends with a young lady; that was not the barmaid at the other house. A short time after he returned on the day in question he came up to witness in the kitchen upstairs, and said that he had been stabbed. He was bleeding from the right side, and he asked her to go for a surgeon. Her mistress came up and threw her arms around witness's neck, and said, "Oh, Jane, I did not mean to do it; may God forgive me." Witness went for a doctor. Mrs. Verdenhalven said to her husband, "Do let me attend you, Conrad; I will attend you." He turned away, saying, "No, go away; do not pull me about. Leave me alone." Witness found the dinner knife produced, covered with blood, in the bar, under the counter. It had evidently been thrown there from the parlour. The wife said to a police-officer, "We were sitting down to dinner and a quarrel took place. He struck me, and he struck me again a very severe blow, and gave me a black eye. (Her eye was then very black.) I said, 'Don't do that again, as I shall do something.' (She repeated this with excitement.) He struck me again, and I picked up a knife and struck him with it. I did not know that I had hurt him till I saw him upstairs bleeding. Now (she said to her husband) have I not told the gentlemen the truth?" He answered, "Yes, my dear, you have." I then said to him, "This is serious, very serious. Do you wish to charge your wife?" "No," he said, "certainly not. It was all my fault." On Sunday he died. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against Dorothy Verdenhalven." Bail accepted.

THE CHARGE OF BIGAMY AGAINST A SOLICITOR.

It may be remembered that in December, 1866, Mr. William Courtney Britton, a solicitor of Regent-street, was committed for trial for feloniously intermarrying with Ellen Bertha Trimble, his former wife being alive. Bail in £300 (two sureties) was accepted, a true bill found, and the prisoner absconded; a Bench warrant issuing for his apprehension, the bail was exonerated, and one of the gentlemen, after a great deal of trouble, traced him to Jersey. Application was made to Mr. Arnold last week for a warrant to apprehend the prisoner, but the original Bench warrant being found, that was acted upon, and Mr. Britton was taken prisoner at Jersey, by Emanuel Davis, 34 B, the warrant officer, and brought to Westminster Police-court, whence, on account of a severe malady from which he was suffering, he was removed to the hospital, and brought before Mr. Arnold on Tuesday.

The second wife was present, and the prisoner was seated in the dock, looking very ill. Mr. George Lewis, for the prisoner, said he would admit being the man named in the warrant, and asked the magistrates, under the 11th and 12th Victoria, to take bail for his appearance at the trial.

A legal argument then took place, Mr. Arnold being of opinion that the act did not apply in this instance; the warrant was signed by justices at the Old Bailey, and he had no power to interfere.

The warrant officer said there were no magistrates there, so he brought him before his whip.

Mr. Arnold again pointed out that it was a Bench warrant, and not the warrant of a police magistrate, on the production of the certificate of the finding of the grand jury; he could not act upon it, and the prisoner must be discharged.

Mr. Britton was accordingly liberated.

THE SUSPECTED MURDER AT POOLE.

At the Dorset Assizes, on Tuesday, before Mr. Justice Mellor, George Ivamy, seaman, of Poole, was indicted for the wilful murder of Anne Humeock, a girl aged 17. Mr. Bore and Mr. Egford prosecuted; and Mr. Collins defended the prisoner. The deceased was a charwoman, and kept company with the prisoner, who, it would seem, was jealous of her. The evidence in the case was entirely circumstantial. The prisoner and deceased were seen together between one and two o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 21st of June. A witness named Elizabeth Way spoke of seeing them quarrelling near the house occupied by prisoner's mother. Mrs. Way left them as they were struggling together in a passage called Bell-lane. The next time they were seen was between a quarter and half-past one, when a young man named Joseph Sandy saw them walking together from Mill-lane to the Quay. They went across the Quay towards the water, talking to each other in a rough manner. The prisoner asked deceased why she did not stay at home. She made no reply. The prisoner then said, "I have been watching your manoeuvres; I will have nothing more to do with you. You had better go with that 'bloke' where you have been before." Deceased ran along the Quay, and prisoner followed her, and seized hold of her. Sandy then walked away, and neither saw nor heard anything further of them. Mrs. Cuius, the wife of a pilot who lived on the Quay, just opposite the spot where Sandy left them, was awoke at two o'clock by hearing loud screams and a splashing of water. She got up and opened the window, when she saw a man walking away from the edge of the Quay, and heard him calling to a dog. She called to him, and he must have heard her; but he

took no notice, and walked away. At that time a policeman also heard the screams, and having procured assistance, the body was found in the harbour, about half-past three o'clock. At the time when the alarm was given, Mrs. Dominy went out upon the Quay, and saw the prisoner's dog standing close to the spot where the body was afterwards found. The prisoner subsequently admitted being in the deceased's company on the night in question, and after looking at the body, which was covered up in a boat, he wrung his hands, and said twice, "Oh, that I hadn't!" He also said, "Oh, that I hadn't beat her." He then threw himself into the water, but came out directly afterwards, walking up the landing steps. The body was examined by Dr. Crabb, of Poole, who found contusions on both eyelids, on the upper and lower lips, and under the right ear. Between the right elbow and shoulder there were also marks, as if from pressure by the hand. He was of opinion that the injuries to the eyelids were caused by external violence during life, and that death had resulted from submersion in the water. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

A GAMEKEEPER KILLED.

SAMUEL BEST, of Norton-sub-Ham, labourer, was brought up in custody at Crewkerne, on Saturday, charged with violently assaulting and beating William Burt, of Norton, gamekeeper, on Thursday night. From the evidence of Samuel Osborne it appeared that he and Burt were talking together in Norton, when the prisoner passed with a gun on his shoulder. Burt said to witness, sufficiently loud for the prisoner to hear, "There be so many gamekeepers about now, we do hardly know who is the head one." This observation appeared to have been offensive to the prisoner, as he walked back and asked Burt what he meant, and added, "There's had a bad feeling against I for a long time, and now we'll have it out." Whilst he was in the act of pulling off his coat for the purpose Burt felled him to the ground by a blow from the fist. Prisoner got up and retaliated on Burt by knocking him down three times. The last time he fell upon his back, struck the back part of his head against the road. Blood instantly rushed from his mouth and ears, and he was rendered senseless, and had not recovered consciousness at the time the magisterial inquiry was being made. The prisoner was remanded. Burt died within a few hours after the inquiry terminated.

FATAL CHASE AFTER A BUTTERFLY.—A lad, seven years of age, named Binna Booth, was on Saturday chasing a butterfly on the banks of the river Aire, at Shipley, and not being conscious of his near proximity to the stream, he fell in and was drowned.

THE PHARMACOPŒIA.

AN extract from the second edition (page 185) of the translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.:—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the 'Pharmacopœia') that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hæmorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of

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which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom—a muscular purge, and a mucous purge, and a hydrogogue purge, combined, and their effects properly controlled by a dirigent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hæmorrhoids, like most aloetic pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no dissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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roughly cleansing the skin—the pores of which, from our habits of clothing, &c., is unable to become stopped, thus obstructing the escape of the fluids before alluded to, and inducing a numerous class of diseases; indeed, three-fourths of those with which mankind is afflicted are attributable to this cause alone; the fluids known as sensible and insensible or gaseous perspiration, being as unfit to be thrown back upon the system, to be used a second time, as is the air which has been once ejected from the lungs, which, it is well known, cannot be breathed again and again without becoming destructive to health, and very speedily even to life itself; and these fluids must be thrown back if nature be resisted in her efforts to dispose of them, which, in civilised life, is unquestionably the case; hence arise indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, languor or debility, flatulency, restlessness, faintings, evil forebodings, inaptitude for business or pleasure, and those diseases already enumerated, which the savage knows not of; these may be mostly, if not entirely, obviated by proper attention to the state of the skin. And here it should be remarked, how erroneous is the notion entertained by many, that when they have washed themselves, or taken a bath, that everything necessary has been done—the fact being, that water will have little or no effect in dissolving the impurities, so to speak, of the dried or obstructed perspiration. It is therefore recommended that a little of the Medicated Cream be used daily, or at all events before washing or taking a bath.

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